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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 2. FEBRUARY, 1908. NO. 2

CONTENTS.

THE HELSMAN—A Poem		84
EDITORIALS	*Thomas E. Watson*	
The Reign of the Technicality—Concerning Money—This is why the Panic Came—How New York Gets the Money.		
THE GARDEN OF PEACE—A Poem	*Elizabeth Dargan Forrester*	100
A SURVEY OF THE WORLD		101
THE JACKSON-DICKINSON DUEL	*William L. Parks*	109
THE FARMERS' UNION		115
THE DREAM—A Poem	*Ada A. Mosher*	121
THE OLD AND THE NEW	*Nina Hill Robinson*	122
CONFESSION—A Poem	*Mary Chapin Smith*	135
ECONOMICS	*I. Lancaster*	136
ANN BOYD—A Serial Story	*Will N. Harben*	137
LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON	*Thos. E. Watson*	144
LIVE IN HOPE	*Leonora Sheppard*	151
THE GOLD OF CHARACTER—A Poem	*Wm. Holcomb Thomas*	154
BOOK REVIEWS		155
THE MEN OF THE GRAY—A Poem	*S. H. Lyle, Jr.*	156
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE		157

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THE HELMSMAN.

Over the sweeps of wintry sea
The wild north-easter raves,
Its loud song rising high and free
Above the tossing waves.

Along the rock-bound, gloomy shore,
It hurries far and fast,
And with fierce rush and savage roar
Bends straining sail and mast.

Down from the north the brave ship speeds
O'er surges foaming white,
Following where the tempest leads,
Through trackless glooms of night.

Grasping the wheel with freezing hands,
No light his path to show,
The weather-beaten helmsman stands,
His gray hair full of snow.

The mighty breakers smite the sand
Beyond the harbor bar,
And fling against the frowning land
Bent plank and shattered spar.

And dim the beacon's warning streams
Amid the flying spray,
Or through the driving snow-squall gleams
A ghostly spark of gray.

Oh, dark and low the murky cloud
That hides the beacon's light;
And fierce and high the winds, that loud
Exult in stormy might.

The waves are full of phosphor fire,
The good ship's foamy path
Glows like a serpent, foaming, dire,
And lurid in its wrath.

Swift where the yawning caverns wait,
And rocks with sea-lights shine,
The good ship rushes to her fate,
And breaks, and makes no sign.

But on the sands, when radiant morn
Illumes the eastern skies,
'Mong tangled rope and canvass torn,
The bluff old helmsman lies.

His rough hands grasp, with fingers cold,
The wheel that was his care;
While tenderly the sunlight's gold
Burns in his matted hair.

The long, long years will come and go,
And loving eyes grow dim,
As by some old world river's flow,
They wait and watch for him.

—Frank H. Sweet, Waynesboro, Va.

THE REIGN OF THE TECHNICALITY.

Was there ever a judicial system more utterly absurd than that which we English-speaking people have established?

Is it really anything better than Trial by Combat? Or walking over heated plowshares? Or being tied hand and foot and tossed into the water to find out whether one will float or sink?

After all is said and done, the present method of trying law cases is nothing but a battle of the lawyers, and he who has the strongest lawyer generally wins. It is only when the Judge on the bench lends his powerful aid to the good cause that the weak lawyer can win against an attorney who outclasses him.

In bygone days, the man accused of crime was too cruelly treated. He was inhumanly tortured, to make him confess. To escape the frightful suffering, many innocent persons convicted themselves of crime. In swinging away from this barbarous mistreatment of the prisoner, the pendulum of human tenderness swung too far the other way. The state is not now permitted to ask the accused any questions at all, unless the prisoner voluntarily goes to the witness box. This is obviously nonsensical. No innocent man could have any possible objection to going on the stand as a witness, and no guilty man should be allowed to escape *for the reason that he alone can establish his guilt.*

Under the practice in most states a prisoner can make his own statement, say anything and everything he pleases relevant to the case, and yet the state cannot ask him the simplest question.

The result is that the guilty are constantly walking out of the Court, acquitted, because the state is unable to establish some fact necessary to the making out of its case.

In "Ten Thousand a Year," we have a fair illustration of the faultiness of our system as a means of meting out *Justice.* A clerk has been given a deed to engross. It must be written on parchment, which is costly. In transcribing, he makes an error in a word of no importance. Fearing that his employer will discharge him for carelessness if he reports the error and asks for another parchment, the clerk neatly erases *the word which is wrong* and writes in its place, *the word which is right.*

The thing is so neatly done that the Attorney never detects the erasure. The deed is duly executed, enrolled, and made a part of the muniment of title to an estate worth ten thousand pounds, ($48,400), per year.

After awhile, a keen lawyer discovers, as he thinks, a flaw in the title to this estate. Tittlebat Titmouse, Esquire, is thought to be the

true heir, and is coached as Claimant. Tittlebat is a poor clerk—a poor one in all sorts of ways,—and the author displays him as a bumptious idiot of great proportion and variety.

A big law-case starts up to try the title to that estate. The lawyers want a slice of that Ten Thousand a Year. In due time, the case comes on to be heard, and no book that I know of contains a better account of a battle of legal giants than does this of Samuel Warren, himself a lawyer.

At first, Tittlebat Titmouse seems to have made out his case. He is the true heir, and the proud family which has luxuriated in that noble income of ten thousand a year must give it up to Tittlebat and his lawyers.

But the other side brings its guns into action, and begins to bombard the plaintiff's position. Deed after deed is produced, link after link in the chain of title passes through the hands of lawyers and judges and no flaw is found. Tittlebat's case seems to be going slowly but surely up Salt River. Blue funk begins to take possession of Tittlebat and his backers. Then the crisis comes. Defendants offer in evidence the *very* deed which makes their chain complete.

Confidently the paper is offered,—anxiously it is taken in hand by Plaintiff's counsel for examination. First one, then another of the big lawyers scan the deed. Seems to be all right. But, hold on! is that the right *stamp?* One of the Plaintiff's attorneys dives into a bag, fishes out a law-book, finds the stamp-act for the year in which the deed is made. Alas! the stamp is the right one. So *that* precious dream of an "objection" to the deed goes glimmering. Exultantly, the leading lawyer on the other side extends his hand to take back the deed, so that he may offer it, and take his verdict.

But no—no, indeed!—one vigilant, lynx-eyed fellow on the Plaintiff's side discovers what he thinks is an erasure! Great excitement follows. Consternation on the one side, and elation on the other. A magnifying glass is called; the small speck on the deed is made to yield up its secret—yes—there is, unmistakably, the evidence that the clerk in writing out the deed *erased a word which had no business there and put in one which belonged there.*

Tittlebat wins an estate that isn't his and, for a brief season, enjoys another man's property. And all because the law *is,* in very many respects what Mr. Bumble conditionally said it is,—"a ass."

In running away from the perils of *forgery,* in legal papers, the law went too far in the opposite direction. Since "Ten Thousand a Year" was published, there has been a relaxation of the rigid rule which did not allow explanations of changes in notes, deeds, etc., but where the Technicality loosens its hold at one place it tightens it at another.

The veteran Georgia Lawyer, Col. Reuben Arnold, declares, in a

recent address to the Bar Association, that seventy-three per cent of all the cases *are decided on technicalities.*

Pray reflect upon that. There is deep significance in the statement. It means that nearly three-fourths of all law cases *are not decided on their merits.*

Can such a system be meeting *the requirements of Justice?*

The question carries its answer with it. We might as well let John Doe hire a man to fight Richard Roe's man, and make a ring, put the two champions within it, and say—as in olden times,—"*Fight,* and God defend the right."

Not long ago, I was in the Supreme Court room of Georgia, awaiting my turn to present a case. Preceding our case was one in which a man convicted of willful, deliberate assassination was seeking to upset the conviction.

The undisputed facts in the record showed that the deceased had been killed by some one else, and had *not* killed himself.

There was absolutely no question raised by the defense upon that point. The whole case had proceeded upon the self-evident fact that *somebody* had killed the man. There was no pretense whatever that he had killed himself. Yet the technical rule is that the plea of Not Guilty throws upon the state the burden of proving the unlawful killing, and in this case the judge of the Court below had, in his charge to the jury, referred to deceased *as having been killed.* Defendant's counsel therefore was asking that the Supreme Court set aside the verdict because the judge *had expressed an opinion upon a disputed fact.*

Technically the fact was in dispute—*actually* it was not; yet the Supreme Court strongly intimated that it would be compelled to grant the man another trial.

Consider the California decision by which those grafters of San Francisco are escaping just punishment for their crimes.

The Mayor, Schmitz, and the Boss, Abe Reuff, compelled certain saloon and restaurant men to pay large sums for the privilege of *continuing their business* under the customary license. Unless they would pay bribes to the Boss and the Mayor, they would have to close up their shops and go out of business.

Yet the Appellate Court decides that there is no crime!

With astounding effrontery the Court says that although Schmitz and Reuff *did* threaten these saloon and restaurant keepers, and *did* thereby force money out of them, "the indictment is insufficient because it does not allege or show that the specific injury threatened was an *unlawful injury.*"

So it would seem that some of our courts, eager to screen miscreants who deserve the severest penalties, have evolved a new kind of injury

which one man may do to another. There is *a lawful injury* which I may do my fellow man, as well as an injury that is unlawful.

The Mayor of a city may collude with the local Boss, and the two may go the rounds of the stores, saloons, restaurants, hotels, etc., saying, "If you don't cross these itching palms with gold, you'll get no license to continue business—See?"

Yet this shameless California Court announces that such a threat as that is *not* a threat to do "*an unlawful injury.*"

Of all the triumphs won by the imperious Technicality, surely none is more glorious than this last one in California.

What we need is something that will lessen the power of the lawyers, liberalize the code of practice, destroy the tendency of technical rules to defeat justice, increase the control of the judge and jury over the management of the trial.

At present, a court-house combat is too much like a mere tournament where the lawyers come into the lists and tilt for their clients, while the crowd sits there to acclaim the victor, and the judge presides to award the prize.

In every case, the judge should be the Chief Manager of the trial; he should question each witness; he should call attention to errors of omission and commission, in order that the merits of the cause may get fairly presented; he should question every defendant in criminal cases; he should instruct the attorneys on either side how to correct their pleadings when a litigant is in danger of losing his rights on account of some error of his lawyer; he should see to it that no man wins or loses a case on Technicality; he should be ready, at any time before the verdict has been received, to reopen the case for material correction of any and every sort.

In other words, a trial of a law-suit should be an earnest, conscientious effort of judge and jury to measure up to the highest standard of duty. and that is *to find out how this case should be decided on its merits.*

In a rough way, the following anecdote illustrates my idea:

After William H. Crawford had had his first stroke of paralysis—causing him to lose the Presidency—his day of usefulness in the national arena was over. He was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of the Northern Circuit, and died in that office. On one occasion he was presiding in Taliaferro County, and a smart lawyer from Augusta was leading a case, on one side, while the other side was represented by a member of the Crawfordsville bar, and no match for his adversary.

The Augusta lawyer was carrying things with a high hand and having it all his own way. Old Crawford was "scrouched" down in his chair, and seemed to be nodding. The little country lawyer, who had right on his side, was in great distress. Time after time he jumped up, objecting,

remonstrating, and correcting, but Crawford took no notice. Finally it came time to make the speeches to the jury. The country lawyer made his, as best he could, and then came the big lawyer from the city of Augusta. Having the conclusion, he made the most of his advantage. He misstated the evidence, put the law as he wanted it, made fun of his opponent, and was having a fine time, generally. Old Crawford dozed, the jury enjoyed, the little country lawyer suffered. He kept jumping up, interrupting the Augusta lawyer, and disturbing the slumber of the Judge. Finally Crawford opened his eyes and said, "Never mind, Mr. S.—never mind. You sit down and rest easy. Let Mr. B. go on and get through. *I've got the last whack at that jury.*"

Naturally, this observation of His Honor dampened the ardor of the Augusta lawyer, considerably, and he hastened to a conclusion.

Then old Crawford roused himself, those great blue-gray eyes kindled, and when he had his full "whack at that jury," the best lawyer had lost the case, *and justice had prevailed.*

CONCERNING MONEY.

In the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria, there came on to be heard, before her Lord Chancellor, a very unusual case.

The Emperor of Austria had brought process against Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, to restrain him from issuing certain bits of paper which he had caused to be printed in England, for the purpose of circulation in Hungary.

Translated into our tongue, the wording of these strips of paper was as follows:

"One Florin.

"This monetary note will be received in every Hungarian state and public pay office as

" 'One Florin in Silver.'

"Its nominal value is guaranteed by the state. In the name of the nation.

"Kossuth, Louis."

It was shown that more than one hundred millions of these florin notes had been prepared, and were intended to be used in Hungary as money.

The Emperor contended that "the introduction of said notes into Hungary will create a spurious circulation, and thereby cause great detriment to the state and to the subjects of the plaintiff."

It further appeared in evidence that the Emperor had surrendered to the National Bank of Austria the privilege of supplying the Empire with paper money, and doubtless this bank was the instigator of the Bill in Equity brought against Kossuth. The National Bank of Austria had the same feeling against Kossuth that our Whiskey Trust has against the Moonshiner. In each case, the name and power and money of the Government is used by a Monopoly to stamp out Competition.

In delivering his opinion, the Lord Chancellor uttered this truism: "The right of issuing notes for the payment of money, as part of the circulating medium in Hungary, seems to follow from *the right to create money belonging to the supreme power in every state. This right is not confined to the issue of portions of the precious metals* of intrinsic value according to their weight and fineness, but under it portions of the coarser metals, or *of other substances*, may be made to represent varying amounts in gold and silver, for which they may pass current."

Recently when THE JEFFERSONIAN put out, from Washington, an interview advocating the issue of treasury notes, and stating that the crea-

tion of money had always been a sovereign prerogative of the Government, the Washington *Post*,—a great leading newspaper,—declared, in effect, that we were talking nonsense. "Mere rot," said the *Post*.

The Jeffersonian is so accustomed to that kind of answer that we don't mind it much, but it's rough on the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, isn't it?

No Greenbacker, no Fiat Money crank, no Rag Baby lunatic ever stated more distinctly the right of the nation *to create money*, as "*a right belonging to the supreme power in every state*," than did this poor benighted Judge, presiding over the highest court of the most enlightened nation on earth.

Let us pity this Lord Chancellor. He had not had the inestimable advantage of learning finance from the American daily paper.

Kossuth was enjoined from issuing the notes, upon the sole ground that he was an exile in England, with no *de facto* authority in Hungary. He, himself, had admitted that the Emperor Francis Joseph reigned over Hungary, and was, *in fact*, its Emperor. For this reason, the Chancellor held, properly, that the Emperor, alone, had the right to supply Hungary with notes to be used as money.

In the history of the world there never was a period when a strong, orderly government allowed a subject to coin money. The state, invariably, held on to this mighty lever, as one of the indispensable prerogatives of sovereign power. To make laws, to appoint public functionaries, to levy taxes, to control navigable streams, to police the public highways, to control the army and navy, to hold the national purse and sword, to negotiate treaties with other nations, to regulate foreign commerce, to establish courts, to declare war or make peace, and *to create money*, were among the universal, inseparable attributes of royalty.

When the state was weak, powerful vassals waged private war, robbers infested the highways, pirates roamed the seas, *and private citizens created money*. When the state recovered its strength, it invariably swept the pirate off the sea, the robber off the highway, put down the strife of lord against lord, and *took back,—with stern admonitions,—the exclusive right to create money*.

Historians, writing of the Dark Ages, never fail to tell us how the anarchy of the times revealed itself in the disintegration of sovereign power. Private citizens encroached upon the state; the lords usurped the prerogatives of the King; the security of the rights of the individual disappeared. Each man held what he or his order *were strong enough to hold*, and no more. Even in the Middle Ages, it required all the resolute courage of the strongest Kings to redeem the sovereign prerogatives which the feudal lords had arrogantly usurped.

As chaos gave way to systematic government, the state was seen to

have reconquered the sovereign attributes which the haughty nobles had usurped; and thereafter no lords had courts of his own, dungeons of his own, gibbets of his own, warfare of his own, or money coinage of his own. *The King's law, the King's courts, the King's money, were supreme and exclusive.*

But such daily papers as the Washington *Post* scornfully repel the statement that the sovereign *created money.* "Mere rot," says the *Post.* So?

Was gold usable, *as money,* before the King placed his stamp upon it and declared, by law, that a certain amount of gold *thus stamped,* should be a guinea? *Did God make pounds, shillings* and *pence, or did the King do it?* Was silver usable as money until similarly favored by the law and the royal stamp? Could one take a silver cup and go into the market, and pass it about *as money?* Could the King himself, take the gold plate off his table, and go into the market, and circulate the gold plate *as money?*

Before the passage of the law making the stamped gold *legal tender,* MONEY does not exist. The law and the stamp makes the money out of the gold. God made the pine tree, but the sawmill makes the lumber. God made the chicken, but the cook makes the *fricassee.* God made the swine, but never the sausage. Pardon the seeming irreverence and homeliness of the illustrations:—we are trying to reach the understanding of the editors of the daily papers.

Ricardo declared that the universal adoption of gold and silver as money metals had been an immense benefit to the world, for they drove out such clumsy currency as the *Wooden Stick* of England, ("Tally rod" of the British exchequer), the *Tobacco* of Maryland and Virginia, the *Peltries,* of the Western States, *Wampum* of New England, *Leather* of France and Spain, *Bark* of China, *Lead* of Burmah, etc.,—but he said that the time had come when a still greater benefit to the world would result from the abandonment of metallic money, altogether, and the adoption of a scientific paper currency.

Upon this, all independent thinkers who understand the subject, have long been agreed. Those who really know how completely the Money Trust dominates the world, and how that remorseless tyranny is based upon metallic money, cannot but denounce, with "divine indignation," the horrible greed of the comparatively few money-changers who use the *coin fetich* to hypnotize and plunder the nations of earth. When gold threatens to be plentiful, (as was the case after the discoveries in California), the money-changer loses his affection for gold and pays his court to silver; when silver becomes too common and gold scarce, silver loses favor and gold is again the Money King's favorite. Even now, paid writers of the Money Trust are demonstrating with admirable skill, the

fact that the present panic has been caused by the huge increase in the output of the gold mines.

Why does the Money Trust want to limit the supply of real money? For the same reason that any other Trust wants to limit the supply. The bankers seek control, and the smaller the volume of real money, the more easily they can control it. If the bankers control the money, they rule. Even the Emperor of Germany, with all of his imperious arbitrariness, would never dare to go to war until he had consulted the Rothschilds, Bleichroders, and other monarchs of the realm of money. This tyranny of the banker is world-wide. Come war or peace, come famine and pestilence, come seven fat years or seven lean years, the banker rules; and he does it with "coin." He first chains the nations to the word "coin;" —then he gets his grip on the supply of "coin;"—thus he holds the chain which fetters the globe.

How simple it would be to shatter the chain and escape this odious servitude, *by doing precisely what Louis Kossuth proposed to do for Hungary!* By the exercise of that right which the Chancellor of Great Britain declared to be a part of the supreme power of every state, a scientific system of paper currency could be created, *based on the strength of the state,* answering the needs of every citizen of the state, and absolutely independent of the bankers. To smash the Money Trust, whose monstrous rapacity preys upon every nation, *it is but necessary that the state shall assert its inherent power to create its own currency.* A dollar, whether in metal or paper, should be inscribed, *"this is a dollar."* That declaration, and the law which makes the dollar a legal tender for debts, are sufficient. There should be simply the sovereign mandate, *"This is a dollar."* Absolutely nothing more is necessary to make that currency as good and as strong *as the Government which creates it.*

All governments, being composed of human beings, *may* perish. Of course when the Government is overturned, its currency is lost. *But that is true of its bonds, also.*

The editors of our daily papers are dreadfully uneasy, lest the small notes issued by the Government should go the way of Confederate money. *But why are they not nervous about the bonds?*

If the Union should go to pieces, as the Southern Confederacy did, the bonds would fare no better than the notes. How about that, gentlemen?

Commenting upon the manner in which the Money Trust in the United States has been allowed to usurp the sovereign power to create money, the JEFFERSONIAN declared.—in the Washington interview.—that this surrender of royal prerogative to private uses had its origin—in modern times—in the concession which Barbara Villiers coaxed out of her dissolute lover, Charles II.

The Washington *Post* found this statement to be peculiarly aggravating and inaccurate. It was mere rot, of course. All the same, the statement is capable of proof. In his learned and most admirable works on Money, Alexander Del Mar, formerly director of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, has a separate volume devoted to the Barbara Villiers episode. This recognized authority on the subject of Money shows how the East India Company, acting through the King's mistress, decoyed Charles II into sanctioning a scheme which gave to the Company and to the gold-smith class control over the royal mint. The law by which this was done is known as the "Mint Act of 1666," *and the bribe to the Villiers woman is named in the Act.* The "joker" clause of this Act was so framed that the gold-smith class and the East India Company obtained almost absolute control of *the supply of money.* Moreover, these same intriguers secured a fourth charter for the East India Company, in 1677, which authorized the corporation to coin in India *with its own stamp* gold, silver, copper and lead. This being a matter of public record, we really cannot understand the flippant and scornful manner in which the *Post* scouted our statement. We make our mistakes as others do, but generally we can produce respectable evidence to support our statements of fact.

The Constitution of the United States expressly invests the Federal Government with every sovereign prerogative necessary to its performance of those functions for which it was created. To make peace and war, to collect and disburse taxes, to control national and foreign commerce, to make laws and enforce them, to create offices and fill them, to control the army and navy, *to create money,*—are among the necessary sovereign powers conferred upon the general Government. To surrender any one of these royal prerogatives in whole or in part, *is to maim the Government.* Who would not protest, if it were proposed to delegate to private individuals or corporations the power of regulating foreign commerce? Where is the man in public life who would dare to propose that the Government should surrender to private individuals or corporations the power to control the army, or the navigable waters, or to operate our postal system? Yet, in abdicating in favor of six thousand national bankers *the sovereign prerogative of creating money,* the Government has surrendered a power infinitely more precious than that of regulating foreign commerce.

The very life-blood of the commercial and industrial world is money, —the artificial creation by which we have agreed to take the measure of the value of all commodities, in exchange. And we have surrendered, to a rapacious six thousand, *the terribly dangerous power of saying how much life-blood shall flow into the veins of the body-politic!*

With their unconstitutional and calamitous Gold standard, their ab-

sorption of all the surplus cash of the national treasury, and their usurpation of the right to stamp their own notes as money, the six thousand national bankers have as complete a trust as the Standard Oil, or the Steel Trust.

What a shameful spectacle, that of a Government of 85,000,000 people *chained to a fetich* by a handful of Wall Street rascals! Oh, for one year of Andrew Jackson, to smite these infamous scoundrels and to assert *the power of the Government!*

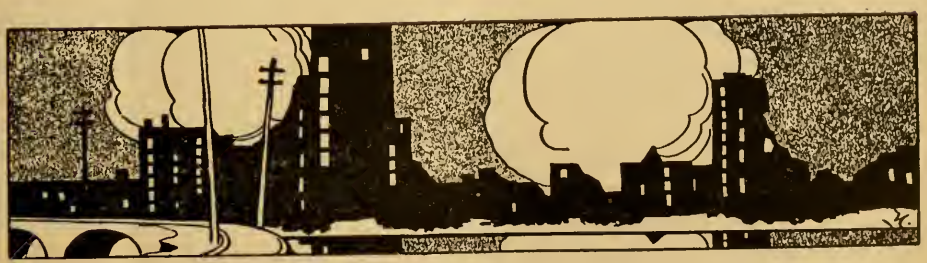
Listen to the Supreme Court of the United States, (39 Barb. 427), announcing its decision in Hague vs. Powers:

"Money is the medium of exchange—the standard or representative of all commercial values. It is that which men receive in exchange and in satisfaction of labor, and its various products; and *whether it is intrinsically valuable or otherwise,* it is the standard of value by which alone *they are all measured.* Gold and silver are *not naturally money,* any more than any other metal product or fabric. *They are made so by law only.*

"These metals become money by the force and operation of law alone.

"The power (to create paper money) is clearly one of the attributes of Governmental sovereignty and may be exercised wherever it is deemed necessary or proper by the sovereign power."

Thus the highest Court of the United States has done, as the highest court of Great Britain did,—made a clear statement of a fact that is as old as government itself, and which was never disputed until the money-changers, using the libertine King's harlot as their tool, took possession of the irresistible and sovereign power to control the money supply of the world.



THIS IS WHY THE PANIC CAME.

At the close of the Civil War, we had upwards of $2,200,000,000 of paper currency. This currency was based on the wealth and strength of the entire nation. As population and business increased this volume of currency should have been increased. Gold and silver being uncertain, the Government of all countries should see to it that the amount of money in circulation bears some reasonable proportion to the population and the commerce.

The chief function of money is to replace the old and clumsy system of bartering one commodity for another. With money, we measure values, for exchange purposes and for the payment of debts.

Consequently, it follows that money is a commercial instrument whose duty it is to enable the commercial and industrial world to transact business. Logically, therefore, the amount of money in circulation should bear some relation to the amount of work which it is intended to do. That is, the volume of money in actual circulation should bear some proportion to the volume of commerce.

Now, when the Civil War was over, the armies disbanded, and the industries of the country taking their first great leap upward, it is obvious that the Government should have kept its eye on the vast increase of production and of commerce and should have proportionately increased the volume of currency, from year to year.

Just the reverse was done.

As population increased, the supply of money was diminished. As commerce expanded, the tool of exchange—*money*—was shortened.

As the *demand* for money became greater the *supply* was made smaller.

Incredible to relate, the Government had no sooner conquered the seceding States and forced them back into the Union than it began to wage deadly war upon the producers of the entire republic.

The Government went into the money-burning business.

It supplied itself with the necessary furnaces and, in Washington City, the currency of the country to the extent of *eighteen hundred millions of dollars* was deliberately, designedly, wickedly *burnt*.

Why was this done?

Because the bankers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia demanded it.

And why did they demand it?

Because they had *cornered the coin* of the country, by means of the Exception Clause, and because *they* had got all the bonds by means of the

greenbacks which the Exception Clause had depreciated, and *now* they wanted all other kinds of paper currency destroyed, *in order that coin and bank paper might rule.*

And they had their way.

Both the old parties actively aided the bankers in consummating their conspiracy against the legitimate industries of the country.

The paper currency of the Government was almost entirely destroyed, and as the volume of currency shrank, *through the burning process,* prices fell, business failures multiplied, and the republic went through an era of Hard Times.

At first the obligations of the Government, which the bankers had increased as much as possible, were payable *in lawful money.*

Then they forced Congress to change it to *coin.*

Then they changed it again, and made it payable in *gold.*

They got the bonds *with greenbacks which they had purposely depreciated,* with the Exception Clause.

Then they *more than doubled their money* on the bonds by compelling Congress *to change the money of payment.*

And at every step in this series of atrocious crimes against the people, *both* the old parties were the pliant tools of the conspirators.

In reaching their goal, the bankers and speculators not only dragged the country through several periods of depression and stringency, but brought upon it the Panics of 1873 and 1893.

Having contracted the money of final payment to *gold,* and having *cornered* the gold, the remorseless Money Kings worked so triumphantly upon a servile Congress that the Secretary of the Treasury was ordered to deliver over to these favored rascals the revenues which the Government raises by taxation.

All the Custom House receipts must go directly to these National Bankers. The Internal Revenue taxes find their way to the same vaults. The net result is that the conspirators are compelling the Government to overtax the people in order that a lot of New York rascals may have money to gamble on!

The Government has a surplus—*on paper.* And it has a deficit—*in reality.*

Why has it a surplus?

Because it over-taxes the people.

And why has it a deficit?

Because it has loaned the money to those New York rascals, *and cannot get it back!*

At this very moment, the National Banks have *more than two hundred and fifty million dollars* of public money, raised by taxation, and *the Government is in desperate need of it to pay operating expenses!*

Yet, when Mr. Cortelyou calls for the ten millions which those rascals promised to pay on the first of January, he cannot get a dollar!

Why did the panic come?

(1) Because the volume of real money was being decreased during a long period in which population and commerce increased.

(2) Because Government currency had been destroyed and bank paper put in its place.

(3) Because the law of "Reserves" had been sneaked through Congress, by the aid of both the old parties, by means of which the money of the country had first been drawn into the big cities, and then by another twist of the reserve law *drawn chiefly to New York.*

(This will be explained in detail in another editorial.)

Now, consider the situation which the politicians of the two dominant parties have aided the New York thieves to bring about:

First, they burn the Government's own currency.

Second, they abdicate in favor of the national banks the sovereign function of supplying the country with money.

Third, they change the contract made with the bondholders and allow those speculators on the necessities of their country to more than double the value of their investment.

Fourth, they violate the Constitution and establish the Single Gold Standard, thus narrowing the basis upon which all credit currency must necessarily rest.

Sixth, they not only allow the national bankers to use, free of charge, the credit of the Government in their business, but practically all of its surplus cash, as well.

Seventh, they pass laws which draw all the loanable funds of the country into New York.

Eighth, they permit the bankers to inflate the currency with various kinds of bank paper, until the financial system looks like a church turned bottom-upwards and resting on the steeple.

Ninth, they have so little real money afloat that *less than one billion dollars* is available for the business transactions of 85,000,000 people, worth at least $120,000,000, and doing a yearly business which is so vast that the human mind can hardly grasp it.

Then, one day, *somebody demanded actual cash*—and the church which had been nicely balanced on the tip of the steeple, *lost its balance*—and great was the crash thereof as it fell over.

Do you see it, son?

HOW NEW YORK GETS THE MONEY.

Once upon a time, those who put their money into a bank, for safe-keeping until they wanted it, were supposed to have some rights.

This may sound like a tough yarn, but it's a fact.

The depositor was once regarded as a right decent sort of fellow, and the law made motions as though it wanted to protect him from thieves, speculators, stock-gamblers, forcible borrowers, and other speckled varieties of latter-day financiers.

With an eye to the protection of the depositor—a weak, filmy, watery eye, I admit—the law solemnly requested the bankers to maintain a certain amount of money where they could lay hands on it, at any time, so that if a depositor wanted a few dollars of his own money, he could get cash, instead of soap-wrappers.

At that time, the rogues' device of Clearing House Certificate had not entered the head of those scoundrels of New York, who first forced that nasty stuff into circulation and set an evil example which others followed.

By the national bank act, each national bank is required to keep a reserve, in lawful money, to the extent of a certain per cent of its deposits and circulation.

In some cities, named in the act, the reserve of actual money required to be kept on hand, is twenty-five per cent.; in all others, fifteen per cent.

But the act further provides that three-fifths of this fifteen per cent. may consist of a balance due to these banks by the banks of St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany, Leavenworth, San Francisco, Washington City.

See how cleverly these schemers go about getting all the available money of the country into a few big cities!

But that isn't the worst of it. After the money has been drawn into these various "reserve cities," it must then be drawn into one big pond—New York.

Section 32 of the National Bank act provides, that one-half of the reserves required to be kept by these banks of the big cities may consist of deposits in the New York banks.

There you have it—a cleverly devised net work of canals which convey the currency, first into many big cities, and then into one.

And yet we marvel that everybody should have to bow down to New York and go to her, on our knees, BEGGING FOR SOME OF OUR OWN MONEY!

We are fools enough to vote our financial independence away, and then marvel at our chains.

We first say, by law, that the national banker shall be our financial master, and then we wonder at our slavery.

When these national banks came back to Congress, in 1903, to have their charters renewed for another twenty years, not a single Republican raised a voice of protest.

And not a single Democrat had the spunk and the patriotism to remind the country that the Democratic party, as now organized, owed its first great victory to the fight which Andrew Jackson waged upon this very question of national banks.

THE GARDEN OF PEACE.

Over the Mountains of Loneliness,
Back from the Wastes of Despair,
My soul comes home from its wandering
To rest in your Garden fair.

In your Garden, dear, heartsease is growing,
There are lilies and snowdrops too;
The fragrance of lavender blooming,
To bear me a message from you.

Blue violets spring by the wayside,
That those who are lost may find cheer.
My soul creeps back through the darkness,
To breathe in the perfume there.

O, Garden that on earth is the fairest!
O, flow'rs with your incense rare!
Reach out toward the death-sown Desert,
To the rocky bounds of Despair!

Oh! shelter me, Love, in your Garden
From the wrecking winds that blow!
Let my spirit find peace from its wandering,
Where the flowers of Heaven grow.

—Elizabeth Dargan Forrester.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

In Germany they have sent Max Harden to jail because he published the truth on some of the rotten nobility.

Similarly, Zola was convicted for telling the truth in the Dreyfus case, and Stead was sent to prison for exposing the manner in which English lords bought young girls.

The Marquis of Queensbury was powerful enough to send Oscar Wilde to Reading Gaol for precisely the same unnatural vices of which Moltke and Eulenberg and their set were guilty; but Harden, who exposed them, was only a commoner,—not a Marquis of Queensbury: therefore Harden must go to jail.

There is another difference; the Marquis prosecuted a literary man who had no powerful protector; therefore the crime got the punishment it deserved; in the Harden case, the criminals were nobles, and they not only escaped punishment, but put the literary man behind the bars.

All who followed the evidence taken in the former case, where Harden was acquitted, know that powerful agencies were at work suppressing evidence at the second trial. Not only was Frau Von Elbe virtually silenced, but Harden himself was terrorized. On the second trial, he was no longer the same man that he was at the first.

To save his court from indelible stain, the Emperor probably exerted all of his power to hush matters up, and it is not improbable *that terms were made with Harden himself.* Four months in jail is no adequate punishment for such a crime as that of which Harden was accused. He perhaps compromised on a nominal sentence to escape something much more terrible.

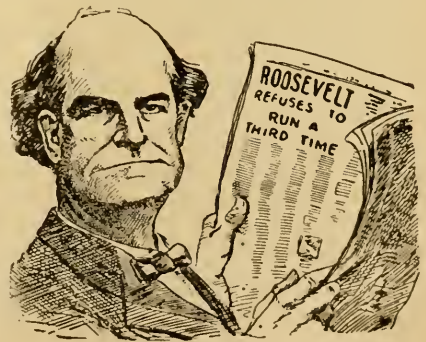
* * * *

Persia is about the last country on the globe where you would expect to hear a representative of the people address "Mr. Speaker," and refer in good parliamentary style to the "gentleman on my right," or see him, on a small difference of opinion as to what had been said, imitate our friend John Sharp Williams by fighting it out in the hall with some recalcitrant DeArmond.

Yet, in spite of the Shah and his priests, Persia has a Senate, a House of Representatives, a Constitution, a Cabinet of Ministers, and is now ready to try her hand at parliamentary Government.

These changes have not been brought about without strife. In fact, the reformers have had to persuade the Shah very much after the manner in which the English Barons reasoned with King John. He yielded because he could not do anything else.

The financial system in Persia is like it is everywhere else—execrably bad. The financier rules. The Shah has to give up to the foreign money-lender all of his Custom House receipts to pay the interest on the debts



Bryan: "I have no such scruples."
—From the Evening Journal (Jersey City).

due foreign creditors. Therefore, the Shah has to run the government on domestic taxes, one of which is a land tax which the wealthier proprietors do not pay.

This leaves the expense of administration to fall mainly on the poorer classes, as it does in our own dear country.

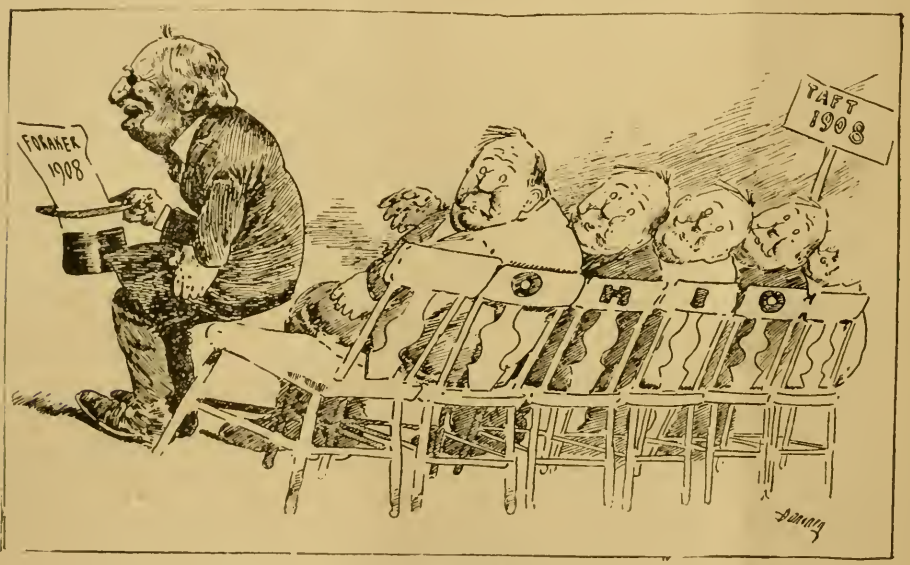
* * * *

When Mr. Gladstone was a member of the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, he introduced and passed through Parliament a bill which authorized the Government to purchase all the railroads.

The Act of 1844 has never been repealed, but has remained a dead letter. The Labor party, which is now well represented in Parliament, and also in the Cabinet, has formally declared itself in favor of this Gladstone law. How much greater, then, is the genuine regret which must be felt by all reformers that the American Federation of Labor, at its last National Convention, declared itself in favor of the private ownership of public utilities.

The JEFFERSONIAN believes that if the great organization of which Hon. Samuel Gompers is President, persists in its present official attitude of hostility to the government ownership of railroads, it will not only lose touch with the labor movement in other countries, but will lose the confidence of the American public and develop, in its own ranks, divisions that will be ruinous.

And the JEFFERSONIAN is truly sorry, for it admires Samuel Gompers and is in thorough sympathy with most of his views.



LOOK WHO'S HERE.
—From the Plain Dealer (Cleveland).

Our fat friend, the King of Portugal—who is said to eat nine meals a day and who looks it.—has abolished his Parliament. The kind of Parliament that it was is proved by the fact that the Portuguese people seem to be glad it's gone. The man who is really the master in Portugal is the Prime Minister, Franco. It appears that he wants to reform abuses, abolish useless offices, cut down lavish expenses,

squeeze excessive pensions and salaries, and "educate the people to take their place in Europe." As he began his retrenchment by cutting off $40,000 from the annual allowance of the Queen Dowager, we cannot but believe that he is in earnest.

THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SOME MISTAKE AS TO THE DEGREE OF DEADNESS OF THE TAFT PRESIDENTIAL BOOM.
—Darling in the Des Moines Register and Leader.

If we Americans could abolish our own "Parliament," for a while, and turn some able, courageous Dictator loose on governmental abuses, the country would be vastly better off.

* * * *

A most significant thing has happened in Rome, Italy. In spite of F. Marion Crawford, the Pope, the Sacred College and the rest of it, the people have elected, as Mayor, a man who is notoriously "a bitter enemy of the Catholic Church" whose creed he denounces as "the graft of superstition or dogma." Worse yet, the newly elected Mayor of Rome is a Master-Mason. Still worse, he is a Jew!

No wonder there are frantic screams of agony from the papal papers.

Shall we not have some public meetings of Catholics in New York and Washington to denounce *those Catholic voters who elected this Mayor?*

For, mark you, the voters who elected Ernesto Nathan Mayor of the Holy City of Rome, *are Catholics!* So, it would seem that even in Italy the people want the priest to mind his own business, and not mix religion with politics. Whenever the Church intermeddles in affairs of State, the consequences are bad for both. There is entirely too much of it in our country, as well as in Great Britain and Continental Europe.

* * * *

American literature is severely arraigned by Gertrude Atherton, who says that a tyranny exists which is destructive of "virility, originality and elemental fire." She calls the reigning style the Magazine School, and traces its origin to William Dean Howells,—the gentle author whose gentle readers will recall with feelings that are inexpressible how he begins "Venetian Life" with the sentence, "I think it does not matter *when* we come to Venice."

THE PANIC BIRD.
Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

FIRST THRILLING RESCUE OF THE SEASON.
But the important question is, Can they thaw him out?
—Bradley in the Chicago News.

DISCOVERY, NOT OF THE NORTH POLE, BUT OF A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.
—McWhorter in the St. Paul Dispatch.

THE FRIGID CANDIDATE.

But is Mrs. Atherton right in saying that there is a tyranny in the literary world which smothers elemental fire, eliminates virility and discourages originality? Do our publishers refuse any book whatever, if they think that it will sell? Do they select smugly respectable books, just because the W. D. Howells school produces no other kind?

Bah! The American publisher is in the business to make money, and he will publish anybody's book and every kind of book, if he believes it will sell.

Did not they publish a book for Mrs. Gertrude Atherton herself, in which that lady glorifies adultery, and originates a new history for our Colonial Era? What is her "Conqueror" but a book throbbing with virility and originality? I know of but one thing more surprising that a lady should have written such an essentially false and corrupting book, —and that is, that it had such a large sale. As history, it is a shocking offense against Truth; as a novel, it should be classed with the *Chevalier de Faublas.*

* * * *

Last year the Secretary of the Treasury went "to the relief" of Wall Street by turning over to a lot of ravenous New York rascals pretty much all the available cash which he had on hand. To cap the climax, Senator Aldrich introduced and passed a bill which required the collectors of Customs duties to deposit in the National Banks all the money collected on imported goods.

The sum and substance of the matter is that 85,000,000 people are being taxed beyond the needs of the Government, *in order that the National Bankers may have funds to lend to Wall Street speculators at from 50 to 300 per cent.*

When the last loan of public funds was made to the New York banks, it was distinctly agreed that the loan was to be repaid on January 1, 1908.

January has come and the New York bankers refuse to pay.

What are we going to do about it?

* * * *

The fact is that the National Banks now have $250,000,000 of public money. This money was taxed out of the people for the purpose of paying the legitimate expenses of the Government. Instead of being kept in the Treasury, where it belongs, it is given to 6,000 National Bankers to use in their business. The people who paid the tax cannot get the use of their own money without going to the men who pay no tax, practically, and submitting to such terms as are imposed.

KING CARLOS.

Brown, the National Banker, has the money which the people of his community paid, in taxes; and these people *must pay Brown a goodly rate of interest to get the privilege of using their own money.*

How long are the tax-payers going to tamely endure such monstrous injustice?

* * * *

At this very time, (January 10), the Government is running short of actual cash and is living from hand to mouth. Deficits are springing up in several directions and are clamoring for immediate cash. The Treasury Statement shows a magnificent Gold Reserve and cash balance.

But where is the actual money needed to pay the daily expenses?

Those New York rascals have got it.

They are not only keeping it, but they mean to keep on keeping it. *They will never pay it back,* SAVE UNDER COMPULSION.

* * * *

Press dispatches of January 8th announced that Secretary Cortelyou had "called for" ten million dollars of the loan which the New York bankers promised to return on Jan. 1st. The dispatches further stated that the New York bankers had not responded to the "call" of the Secretary of the Treasury, but had sent

CLARENCE S. DARROW.

J. P. Morgan down to Washington to see Mr. Cortelyou.

Exactly so. Whenever Wall Street wants to victimize the country in some particularly illegal way, it is J. P. Morgan who personally takes charge of the job. This specialist in the manufacture of bogus stock, bogus

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.
In his cell at Boise.

bonds, and bogus bank-credits, has done more harm to the legitimate business interests than a year of famine and pestilence would have done. He was mainly the cause of the $263,000,000 mortgage which President Cleveland put on the nation, and he is mainly responsible for those frenzied financial methods of his imitators which precipitated the panic.

His visit to Washington was undoubtedly for the purpose of urging Mr. Cortelyou to "hold up" in his efforts to compel the borrowers of the National money to pay it back.

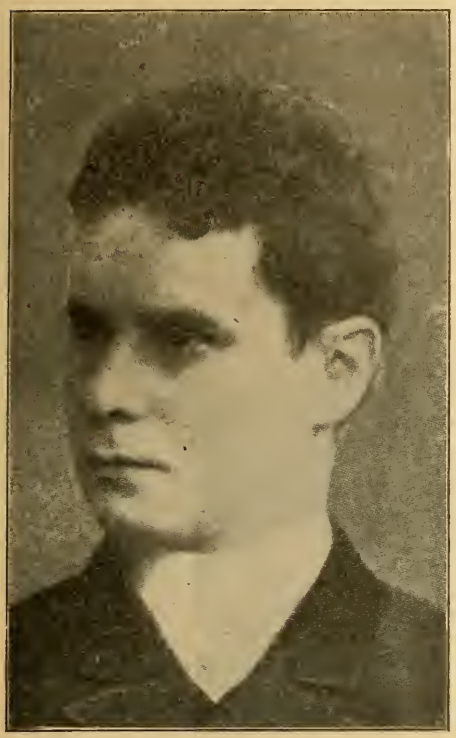
* * * *

Now what will Mr. Cortelyou do?

Let us bear in mind, first of all, that the Secretary of the Treasury did not make the situation of which we complain. *Congress made it.* The polished tools of the Privileged Interests, operating in and upon Congress, first levy more taxes than the Government needs, and then turn the surplus over to the National Banks.

Mr. Cortelyou cannot change this, no matter how hard he may try to do

so. Congress makes the law, Congress taxes the people, Congress votes the public income into the National Banks.



MAX HARDEN.
Who Opened Emperor Williams' Eyes.

We have a huge surplus,—why? Because we collect more taxes than the Government needs.

But we have, also, a deficit,—why? *..Because Congress votes public money into private business, and the rascals who get the money refuse to return it.*

* * * *

The utmost that Mr. Cortelyou can do, so far as what has already been done is concerned, is to keep on calling for the re-payment of the loan,—refusing to make further deposits with the dishonored banks.

But there is a thing that Mr. Cortelyou has power to do and this would smash the Money Trust, instantly, bringing those New York rascals to their senses: he can issue $103,000,000 Treasury Notes. If he will do this, and put the money in the state banks for immediate distribution, the skies would at once clear.

* * * *

As a remedy to the financial situation, the Senator whose bill gave the National Bankers our custom house receipts, has introduced another bill. He proposes that these National Bankers shall be given the authority to issue $250,000,000 in notes to be used as money, basing the notes on state, municipal and railroad bonds. He says that the 6 per cent tax which this emergency currency must pay will speedily drive it into retirement when the emergency passes. Will it?

With "call money" in New York ranging from 15 per cent to 300 per cent why should the emergency currency ever go home?

The self-evident effect of the Aldrich bill would be to encourage the Wall Street speculator. Such men as Harriman, Heinze, Morse, and Morgan himself, could swallow that small sum of money in their stock-watering operations, and never bat an eye.

* * * *

Senator Culberson of Texas has introduced the sanest bill. Repeal the law which counts as cash a credit which the various banks may have on the books of the banks of New York and other reserve cities. The logical result of the law of reserves is that the "reserve city" banks draw into themselves all the surplus cash of all other banks.

Thus the loanable funds all go to a few financial centres—New York chiefly. There these loanable funds are sucked into the Wall Street maelstrom. The country at large has to do business on bogus money—bank credits of various sorts. Then, some fine

morning, somebody wants real money, and the bank cannot or will not produce it.

Result—*panic!*

* * * *

With all the loose cash of the country sucked into New York, to lend to speculators at enormous usury, the banks there coolly declare a "closed season," during which they refuse to return to a depositor a cent of his own money, refuse to send cash to their correspondent banks, refuse to pay cash on the drafts of disbursing officers of the Government. All this time, they are lending the actual money to Wall Street speculators at from 20 per cent to 300 per cent, and are lending the country bogus money (Clearing House Certificates) at the regular legal rate.

* * * *

Take one instance:

Senator W. A. Clarke had $400,000 on deposit in one of the New York banks. He had need to draw on this to the amount of $100,000.

He was not allowed to have that much of his own money until he agreed to pay $4,000 for the boon.

Oh, how lovely is our blessed Gold Standard, our Sound Money, and our "best banking system on earth!"

* * * *

While Mr. Cortelyou is in no wise to blame for our system of national bank finance, the issue and disposition of the Panama bonds and the 3 per cent notes were indefensible. The pretense for the issuance of these securities was that the Treasury wanted to get more money into circulation. But the individual bidders for the bonds were ignored, their bids of 104 turned down, and the bonds given to the banks at 102½. Even then, the banks were not required to pay for the bonds. At most, they went through the form of paying 10 per cent of the purchase money, and the remainder was but a credit entry on their books—worthless to the Government and to the people. But the Government will have to pay interest on the full amount of the bonds and notes for the full time they are out. Hence the banks will collect annually two and three dollars upon an untaxed investment of ten. *Twenty and thirty per cent interest!*

To cap the climax, Mr. Cortelyou "went to the relief" of Wall Street by lending, without interest, fifty or sixty million dollars of our public funds to these bankers. Therefore, in effect, they were supplied, free of charge, with the money with which they paid that 10 per cent on the bonds!

Indefensible as this entire transaction is, Mr. Cortelyou has done no more than to faithfully follow the examples set him by his predecessors for the last forty years.

* * * *

In Berlin the people are at the point of insurrection because the Prussian Landtag has refused to grant manhood suffrage. As we close the forms, the military is being held in readiness to suppress any revolt which may be attempted.

THE JACKSON-DICKINSON DUEL.

BY WILLIAM L. PARKS.

SO many versions have been given to the public of the famous Jackson - Dickinson duel, that for the sake of truth, and that a just account of the same may be read at this late day, I have written this article, and have based my account of the duel on conversations had with living men who figured in the hot political campaigns of General Jackson, men who were his warm advocates, and men who were his bitter political enemies. I have read and preserved in my scrap book for forty years, varied accounts of the affair given at different times, and have read the accounts as given by the able and distinguished writers of the life of Jackson. I will not go into detail and give each name or author, but have the proof that convinces me that the following account is the true story of the unfortunate affair. In addition, only a short time ago, I visited the spot where the duel was fought, and had an octogenarian whose father heard the pistol shots, and who was familiar with all the surroundings and incidents connected therewith, to tell me what he knew.

The Old Rock Spring House, where Jackson drank the milk after he was wounded.

On this trip I obtained pictures of the surroundings, and many facts heretofore unknown to the public.

After first giving the cause which led up to the duel, then will follow the account of the duel which resulted so fatally.

On March 15th, 1806, the following notice appeared in the Nashville, Tennessee, *Imperial Review*:

Spring where Dickinson was given water on way from duelling ground.

"Clover Bottom Races.

"On Thurfday, the 3d day of April next, will be run the greateft, and moft interefting match race ever run in the weftern country, between General Jackfonf horfe

Truxton,

6 yearf old, carrying 124 lbf, and Capt. Jofeph Erwin'f horfe

Plowboy,

8 yearf old, carrying 130 lbf. The horfef will run the two-mile heatf for the fum of $3,000.00 dollarf.

"No stud horfef will be admitted within the gatef but such af contend on the Turf, and all perfonf are requefted not to bring their dogf to the field, af they will be shot without refpect to their ownerf.

"March 1ft, 1806."

The race was to be run on General Jackson's plantation eight miles out from Nashville. On the day appointed a great crowd gathered, but to the surprise and chagrin of all, and at the very last moment, Capt. Erwin withdrew Plowboy from the race.

Mrs. Rachael Jackson, wife of General Jackson, was present to witness the race, and was very much wrought up over the fiasco, and exclaimed, on hearing that Plowboy had been withdrawn: "I know very well why Capt. Erwin backed down and withdrew Plowboy from the race. He knew that Truxton would beat his horse out of sight."

Charles Dickinson, the son-in-law of Capt. Erwin was in the crowd, and was drinking very heavily.

Mrs. Jackson's remark was told to him, when he flew into a rage of anger, and exclaimed in a very loud and boisterous manner, "just about as far out of sight as Mrs. Jackson

run from her first husband when she ran off with Gen. Jackson."

Dickinson's remark was repeated to Gen. Jackson at once, who demanded a retraction from Dickinson. Dickinson at once retracted the remark, pleading his intoxication as an excuse.

A short time after this, Dickinson, while imbibing freely in a bar-room in Nashville, repeated the same offensive language with reference to Mrs. Jackson. When told about it, Gen. Jackson went at once to Capt. Erwin, and told him that he must make his son-in-law hold his tongue. As is well known, Mrs. Jackson had separated from her first husband, Samuel Robards, and accompanied Gen. Jackson to Mississippi, where she visited relatives and he engaged in a mercantile business. While in Mississippi they learned that Robards had secured a divorce, and they were married. Returning to Nashville they lived together as man and wife for several years, when it was discovered that they were not lawfully married. Then they were re-married. This second marriage gave rise to much talk and scandal, as Jackson had been to Congress, Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and was then Major General of the State Militia.

In the course of his political career he had made many very bitter enemies who were quick to use this scandal as a weapon to encompass the defeat of Gen. Jackson.

This oft-repeated scandal was a source of continual annoyance and mortification to him and well-nigh broke Mrs. Jackson's sensitive heart.

As a result of the failure to run his horse in the race, Capt. Erwin was compelled to pay Gen. Jackson a large sum of money, and not having the ready money to liquidate the debt, a violent quarrel ensued between them, which gave to Dickinson occasion to write for publication an article which was violent and insulting to Gen. Jackson.

Scene on Red River near the duelling grounds.

Hearing of the article, he rode into Nashville, went direct to the office

of the printer, and demanded to see the article.

As soon as he had read the article in proof, he went to Gen. Thomas Overton and sent a challenge to Dickinson, which was promptly accepted by him, Gen. Overton acting as second for Jackson and Dr. Hanson Catlett for Dickinson. The time agreed on was May 30th, 1806, and to a marriage feast. Jackson was cool and serious, and made known to his second all his plans in the combat.

He told Gen. Overton that it mattered not who won, and called the word to "fire," that he was going to reserve his fire and give Dickinson the first shot, giving as a reason for so doing, that unless Dickinson shot him through the heart or brain, he

The men stand near the exact spot where the duel was fought.

the place the north side of Red River, mid-way between Mason's Mill and Adairville, Logan County, Kentucky, a very short distance from the Tennessee line. Every one in Nashville knew of the fight, and to avoid arrest, early on the morning of the 29th, both parties, mounted on swift horses, left for the meeting place on the Kentucky line fifty miles away.

Dickinson and his party took the lead, and on their way made frequent stops, at which times Dickinson would take advantage of the stops to make a display of his marvelous skill as an expert pistol shot. Dickinson and his party were as gay and frolicsome as had they been on their way would, by holding his fire, kill him certain. In a former combat of the same kind he had clipped Gen. Avery's ear, so near did he hit within striking distance of his head.

Reaching the place of meeting late in the evening, Dickinson and his party found Red River was a raging torrent, owing to the heavy fall of the water from recent rains. Confident, undaunted, and in such high spirits, they swam their horses across the swollen stream, and engaged lodging at a farm house on the north side of the river.

Jackson and his party coming up later, and learning that the Dickinson party had crossed over, put up for the

night at a tavern on the south side of the river. Before sunrise the next morning Jackson and his party crossed over the river, meeting the Dickinson party by agreement on "half-way ground." On the duelling grounds Dickinson won position, and Jackson the word. They took positions twenty-four paces apart, the pistols were loaded, handed to them, and at last the two deadly enemies stood face to face.

The Old Tavern, where Jackson spent the night before and after the duel.

The men stand near the exact spot where the duel was fought.

"Are you ready?" asked Gen. Overton, and at the word *"fire"* Dickinson's pistol rang out, and a puff of dust was seen to fly from Gen.

Jackson's left breast, and as quick as a flash of lightning Jackson's pistol cracked, and when the smoke had cleared away, Dickinson was seen to stagger and fall in the arms of his second.

Proud and defiant, with head erect, Jackson and his party hastily withdrew to the river and crossed over in boats. Up to that time no one of either party knew that Jackson had received the slightest wound. After the party had mounted their horses on the opposite side of the river, and were riding rapidly, Jackson's surgeon noticed the blood flowing from his left boot leg. When asked about it, Jackson replied, "I am dangerously wounded, he shot me through my left breast."

When asked why he concealed his wound he replied: "He was certain he would shoot me dead in my tracks, and not get a scratch. I did not want him to have the satisfaction of knowing that he hit me."

Pushing rapidly on, they came to an old rock spring house, where they halted, and on investigation found a bucket of fresh sweet milk, of which Jackson drank copiously, and was very much revived.

Weak and faint from the loss of blood they soon reached the tavern, where the party spent the remainder of the day and the following night.

The house where Dickinson died. Died in room on right. At that time a log house. Since weatherboarded.

Late in the evening of May 31st, a covered wagon drawn by a pair of horses passed through the streets of Nashville. The wagon contained the dead body of Charles Dickinson.

On the same evening Jackson arrived at his home (having made the trip on horse-back), near what is now known as the "Hermitage," bearing a ghastly and painful wound on his left breast; a wound which never entirely healed, and never ceased to give him pain, and culminated in a disease which caused his death forty years afterwards.

THE FARMERS' UNION.

THE JEFFERSONIAN means to do its utmost to help the agricultural classes in their fight for justice. The wealth-producing millions who labor on the farms have been mercilessly pillaged, ever since the Civil War, by our diabolical financial system, by the trust-breeding Tariff, and by the public service corporations. The day of revolt and of organized battle for a square deal is at hand. The fight is on, and there will be no laying down of arms until victory is won.

At the head of the Farmers' Union stands Charles S. Barrett, of Georgia —as modest as he is industrious, unselfish and devoted. If he does not work himself to death, he will be recognized soon as one of the most important factors in our national life. A few years ago he was a country school-teacher. Taking hold of the task of organizing the farmers, he has worked at it with the untiring zeal of a Loyola, or a Peter the Hermit. Always on the go, concentrating his energies to this one purpose, he does not spend an average of one day in the month at home. Today he is in Texas, tomorrow in Oklahoma, next in Kansas, then in Louisiana, then in Tennessee.

In the beginnings, the Union often needed money. Barrett would reach down in his own pocket and fetch out all he had.

At one of the early State Conventions, Sir Grumpety Growler and Colonel Greeneye Marplot made some remarks that indicated doubt as to whether the finances had been properly handled. Barrett quietly produced the books and vouchers, which not only proved that he had been working for almost nothing, but had spent, from his own slender resources, several hundred dollars to keep the thing going.

Ashamed of their suspicions and grumblings, the Convention sent out a Committee to buy for their President the finest gold watch that could be found in Atlanta,—a gift to remind him of their affectionate gratitude.

Tactful, honest, gifted with a rare talent for seeing it all and saying little, free from ambition for office, guiltless of greed, Barrett is the ideal man for his difficult position, and has won the unbounded confidence of every member of his great order.

* * * *

Wishing to present to our readers a brief sketch of the life of Newt Gresham, the founder of the Farmers' Union, THE JEFFERSONIAN applied to his daughter, Miss Lutie Gresham.

She was kind enough to send the biographical sketch which follows. Her own winsome and intelligent face, along with the strong features of her father, appears in the engravings which illustrate her narrative.

Wishing to present, also, a short summary of the origin, early struggles, and the final success of the organization, we applied to R. F. Duckworth, President of the Georgia State Union and one of the pioneers of the movement. His response is given just as he wrote it.

Mr. Duckworth, it will be remembered, was invited not long ago to visit Washington for a consultation with the President. He is universally regarded as one of the strong men of the Farmers' Union.

Among the other leaders who fall

into the same class as Barrett and Duckworth may be mentioned O. P. Pyle, of Texas, whose paper, *The National Co-Operator,* has the largest circulation of any of the Farmers' Union periodicals. True-hearted Ben Griffin, of Conway, Arkansas, is another of the leaders whose influence is national.

* * * *

As yet the Farmers' Union leaders have not put their finger on the true source of agricultural depression. After awhile, however, they will realize that their lack of prosperity is due not to immigration and speculation so much as to a Tariff system which allows the manufacturers to rob them, a financial system which allows the national bankers to rob them, and to the system which allows the public service corporations to rob them.

NEWT. GRESHAM,
Founder of the Farmers' Union.

The manufacturers and the bankers are extremely anxious to keep the farmers from going into politics. Therefore, the editors and politicians who serve the Privileged Few urge the Union leaders to ignore such matters as require national legislation.

Don't assail the Gold Standard! Yet that is the very thing which jerked down the prices of wheat and cotton when those silk-hat rascals of Wall Street began to draw gold from Europe.

Don't assail the National Banking system! Yet that is the vampire which sucks out your life blood with compound interest on billions of bogus money.

Don't assail the Trust-breeding Tariff! Yet that is what makes your farm supplies cost you twice as much as they should, and gives you 10 cents for cotton, when you ought to have twenty.

Don't assail the public service corporations, which exploit public utilities for private profit! Yet that is where you are made to pay annual interest on eight billion dollars of capitalization which is fictitious and fraudulent.

The labor leaders have declared, in national convention, that you must continue to submit to this tremendous burden,—just as the labor union leaders of Macon sided with the railroads when the Farmers' Union of Georgia was making its successful campaign for lower passenger fares.

Talk Good Roads—*that* doesn't hurt the Privileged Few. *They* don't pay the national taxes: *you do.* If you want to increase *your* taxes to keep swarms of laborers on the highways, *go it!* You can't scare the Privileged Few by doing *that. They* also love good roads. Tax yourselves, and give these automobile fellows good roads. That's what they want. Then scoot for your life when the automobile dashes down the road, at fifty miles an hour. Pick up what is left of your wife, or daughter, and tote it home, after your buggy has been knocked to pieces in the public road. Catch your runaway team, and

get the broken wagon to the blacksmith shop, the best you can.

Good Roads? Dear me! You won't have any difficulty in getting good roads. The millions of your money needed to make them will be a tip top excuse for *not* reducing your tariff taxes. Therefore, the Manufacturers who tax you will help you graciously, freely—laughing in their sleeves at getting rid of you so easily.

* * * *

But, sooner or later, the awakened agricultural classes will locate the seat of the disease. Sooner or later, they will discard the surface remedies and will adopt the constitutional treatment which alone can bring relief.

"Patience, and shuffle the cards!" The farmers will understand their own case, by and by. And when they *do—watch out, Steel Trust!* Your day of clearing $156,000,000 per year will be over.

Watch out, Express Companies! You won't slice any more melons of 200 per cent net profits.

Watch out, Railroad Kings! You

MISS LUTIE GRESHAM.

won't run any more public-be-damned expeditions wherein stockholders are looted and the public swindled out of hundreds of millions.

Watch out, Mr. Wall Street banker! You won't keep the $250,000,000 of the people's money which the Government has given you, nor continue to suck up the vital resources of the nation with compound interest on fictitious money.

Such a revel at the public expense as the Privileged Classes have had in this country since the Civil War is without parallel in the history of the human race. But the clock will strike after awhile, *else the heart of a great people has already been corrupted and the public conscience seared.*

* * * *

SKETCH OF NEWT GRESHAM.

By Lutie Gresham.

My father, Newt Gresham, the founder of the Farmers' Union, was born in Lauderdale County, Ala., February 20th, 1858. When he was six years old, his parents moved to Kaufman County, Texas, where they soon died, thus leaving him, at an early age, to battle against the world and its hardships. It was, undoubtedly, during this time that the foundations of his character were laid. The strength developed in these early struggles helped him in shaping and leading America's greatest organization for farmers.

He was a member and a leader in the Farmers' Alliance, and was never reconciled, after the death of that order, until he succeeded in having another take its place.

My father never had the opportunity of attending a free public school. All the education he received was the result of his own labor and determination. He was not a polished scholar, but by dint of hard work he secured a good practical education and a vast amount of general information.

In May, 1877, with seven dollars in his pocket, he left his home at Cedar Hill, in Kaufman County, and went to Terrell, Texas, where he boarded a train for Fort Worth, on his way to Granbury, Hood County, Texas. There was no railroad from Fort Worth to Granbury, and not having money enough to hire a private conveyance, he walked the entire distance of forty miles. He then hired himself to work on a farm at thirteen dollars a month.

In January, 1881, he married Miss Ida Peters, whose home was in Granbury. He joined the Alliance in its infancy, and was the first man in the State to receive a commission to go beyond State borders to do organizing work. He was the best posted man regarding farmers' organizations in Texas. Leaving his young wife with her parents, he went to the very community in Alabama in which he was born. While there he organized a good local Alliance, and before leaving the State, a year later, he succeeded in organizing many thousands into the Alliance. He then went to Tennessee, taking his wife with him, but remained there only a few months, having to return to Texas on account of his wife's ill health.

In January, 1896, he went into the newspaper business at Granbury. In 1899 he moved to Greenville, Texas, where he was engaged in newspaper work also. In January, 1902, he moved to Point, Rains County, Texas, and in the fall of this year, after many hard efforts, he induced nine men of Rains County to unite with him and secure a charter from the State. My father was made General Organizer, and in the face of every discouragement began the work of building up our great Farmers' Union.

I give a list of the names of the

ten men who were instrumental in bringing about the F. E. C. U. of A.: Newt Gresham, O. H. Rhodes, D. L. Seamster, W. H. Cochran, B. F. Morris, James Turner, Tom Donelson, Jesse Adams, Tom Pounds, W. S. Sisk.

My father was honest, sincere, self-sacrificing, always seeing the good points in a fellow man, and never giving a thought to the bad. He was a loving husband and father. He died the 10th of April, 1906, after an illness of five days. Our earnest wish was that he might have lived longer, so that he could rejoice in seeing the great work he started going on so faithfully and helping all who belonged to the great organization.

* * * *

MR. DUCKWORTH'S LETTER.

BARNESVILLE, GA., Nov. 22, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—

After having been away from the office for some days, I returned to find a letter from you asking that I give you some data as to the dates, etc., of the Farmers' Union.

Replying I will say that the Farmers' Union was organized by Newt Gresham and nine associates the last days of August, 1902, their charter being granted October 2nd, 1902. They began the organizing of the Farmers' Union in Rains County, Texas. From Rains they went into Wood, and Hopkins, where I was found, and I began my connection with the Farmers' Union in December, 1902. I rented out the land which I was to cultivate with my own hands and began the active work of the Farmers' Union in February, 1903. In February, 1904, a State Union was organized in Texas. It was in June, 1905, that we organized a State Union in Georgia.

The daily papers absolutely refused to give us any notice until about the spring and summer of 1904. Then we were severely criticized by some, slightly spoken of by others, and merely mentioned by others. In 1905 they began to give us some consideration. In the spring of 1906 we had sufficient strength to enable us to demand their "august attention."

When we first began the work of organizing the Farmers' Union we met with every obstacle conceivable. The farmers themselves were superstitious, and feared that there was a political move on foot. Almost every farmer you came in contact with mentioned the Alliance and feared that the Union would go like the Alliance. It was hard to make them see that though the Alliance made mistakes and went down, that the amount of good that it accomplished could not be estimated in dollars and cents.

The country merchants, lawyers, and the doctors, the old-line politician, and the new-line politician, all feared that the Farmers' Union was an interference with their business or ambitions.

At one time there was several months when myself, the founder of the organization, and his brother, Ed Gresham, were the only men in the field actively engaged in the work of organizing. I was then traveling with Newt Gresham, the founder, and many, many times did we become blue, disheartened and almost ready to give up the fight. It was not long until Newt and I had spent about all the cash we had, of our own, and the amount we were receiving from our work proved inadequate to meet expenses, but we borrowed and fought on.

The endurance of Newt Gresham was wonderful. He could ride all day long in the rain, make a speech at night, sit and talk until one o'clock, and be jubilant the next morning.

Being reared in and having practiced an outdoor life, he was able to stand the strain through which we

had to pass, but when he was locked up, as it were, at his desk in an office, the strain proved too great and the good man succumbed. But the organization goes on, its strength and power continue to grow, its usefulness is becoming greater and greater with each year.

It was the dream of the founder of the organization to send a man to Europe to study and investigate the cotton situation each year. That man has been sent. The founder dreamed of the day when in spite of the speculators in New York the farmers would be able to get the minimum price for their crops, and through times of panic and flourishing conditions to be able to hold their crops until they brought that price. His dream has come true and today the Farmers' Union stands as a monument to the efforts of the men who planted it, and to the courage of the men who watered the plant.

Yours respectfully,

R. F. DUCKWORTH,
State President.

* * * *

Mr. W. S. Sisk was born in Georgia Dec. 12th, 1866, and has lived and worked on a farm all his life. He moved to Texas thirteen years ago, and was one of the ten men who assisted Newt Gresham in organizing the F. E. C. U. of A.

He is also an old Farmers' Alliance man, having belonged to that order when it was in progress in Georgia, and read the first paper that Hon. Thos. E. Watson ever issued.

THE DREAM.

Two hours ago he heard her goodnight prayer:
His motherless wee lamb's—and, tired, there,
Sat dozing softly in the easy chair.

Sudden, two little arms in baby might,
Around the father's neck are clasping tight!
The little body shaken with affright.

"Father!"—she trembled with the terror's dread—
He cuddled close the tousled, flaxen head:
"Father," she sobbed, "I dreamed that you were dead!"

'Gainst his, her little heart beat out its fear:
Holding her close and strong, he kissed each tear:
Soothing her gently—"Darling, father's here!"

From life, a little longer, wearier sleep,
Like a strong swimmer beating back the deep,
My sobbing soul, from troubled dream, shall leap

Into his arms! my heart, against his own
Shall grow as quiet as this child's hath grown:
Knowing, at last, the dream a dream—and flown!

And I shall see his eyes—'tis many a year—
Shining above my tears to cast out fear:
And hear him whisper—"Darling, father's here!"

—Ada A. Mosher, White Springs, Fla.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT DICE."

(The following story is one of a series of "Glendower" tales, or sketches of Tennessee village life, yet unpublished, by Mrs. Nina Hill Robinson—Editor.)

CHAPTER I.

The city clocks struck ten. Sara Meredith closed her machine with nervous fingers. All day its sharp clicking had sounded a rasping protest of the real against the imaginary—its steady "stitch-stitch" disproving with pitiless materialism the teeming fancies of her tired brain. And yet all day familiar faces had smiled into hers, and friends of twenty years before had trooped into her room and held high revel there.

This was an off-day. Sara, after years of self-discipline, was not wont to play truant in the sunny valleys of her girlhood days, that necessitated a mental journey backward over a stony ground of stony experience. Many a dreary waste lay between that gap of twenty years. Many a strange dark mountain loomed within! It was rare now that she cared to do the penance of a pilgrimage over, having scarcely time for a look backward, she told herself. Still, as an "off-day," when old scenes and faces would not be denied, she lingered awhile—a dangerous little while—with her happy past. Today, before her inner vision were tantalizing glimpses of a noble old mansion, with wide-open doors of rest and peace, its galleries flooded with Southern sunshine, and June roses nodding in its windows. The breath of the hills swept her cheek. About her, in undulating waves of green and gold, lay the familiar fields of long ago, and sounds of brooding peace, distinctly at home—like as of pigeons cooing from the house tops—fell on her ear, softly.

She saw again the shifting season of fruit and flower, as when in her girlhood's bloom she dwelt under blue, Georgian skies. Along the garden walls were luscious figs, wasting their cloying sweetness. Peaches, ripe and rosy, hung low in wanton profusion. And grapes, purple as Italy's own, dripped their honey for crowding bees.

Apricots blushed under sunny skies. Watermelons lay "green and dew-covered" in grass-grown patches. From cotton-fields, white unto harvest, came the songs of negro pickers. And further still, out and away, over hedges of Cherokee roses and tangling undergrowth, adown the line of blue-gray horizon, and far blue air, to the east or to the west, came the perfume of Jasmine or scent of the fragrant scuppernong.

Oh, garden of delights! Oh, land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine! Oh, the piney woods, the red hills of Georgia!

Sara folded her sewing in the neat and careful manner habitual to her. She drew a chair before the open grate, and placed a study lamp on the table, where lay an open letter, the innocent cause of her disquietude. She read again, slowly:

"Do Sara, put away your sewing, and spend your holidays with us at

The Oaks. We are to have our usual house-party, and a number of guests are going out with me. We shall stop awhile at Glendower and go on home by early stages, in good old Southern fashion.

"I shall bring my school friends. One is from Virginia, another from Georgia; and her uncle—an old friend of papa's—is going out also. And Oh, Sara, he is so distinguished. He has traveled everywhere and belonged to some foreign embassy, or legation. Brother will bring a friend who was with him in Cuba—Lieutenant Watterson, of New York.

"Mother is planning the festivities after the old-time fashion of a Southern Christmas, and the final entertainments will be a dress occasion in the costumes of—Oh—anywhere between the '30's and '60's of dear old 1800.

"And now, Sara, Sara, dear, bring with you that lovely white silk gown, with your pearls, and promise me you will lay aside your work for one night, and be young again with your own little one,

"ETHEL SUMMERFIELD DEERING.

"Grandview College, Balt., Md."

A card from Mrs. Deering, written in a more sober vein:

"DEAR SARA:

"Spend your Christmas holidays with us. I am so helpless without you. We are to have a larger number of guests than usual, this season, and my servants need constant oversight.

"Mr. Deering and the boys join me in affectionate greeting.

"Yours sincerely,

"ANNA DEERING.

"The Oaks, Glendower, Tenn., Dec. 15th, 1900."

Why, certainly, she would go. Life with Sara was largely made up of such things—of goings and returnings, and taking up her work again. The Oaks was nearer a home to her, and dearer than any, out of Georgia; a place of rest that toned her strained nerves, and reinvigorated her with the pure air of pine hills, and black-jack forests.

Sarah Whitney Meredith was born to the luxurious ease and refinement of an affluent Southern home, and brought up under the tutelage of an aunt, who was a survivor of the South's ancient regime—a type of womanhood which gave prestige to the South in the days of her old school chivalry, and social prominence.

The child, however, orphaned in her earliest years, was the spoiled and petted darling of that Georgia home. Her aunt (than whom, to Sara's thinking, none ever lived among women so gentle and lovely) paved the way of her niece with rose-lined ease, and heaped luxuries about her with a prodigal hand.

In like manner she was educated by early degrees; absorbing naturally, and growing into mental and bodily culture. It was not until her twentieth year that she was taught, as a final accomplishment, fine sewing.

This was the beginning. There were then financial reverses (and reverses have a trick of swooping down upon the unwary) which left her penniless. The death of her aunt quickly followed. Sara, who was now alone, realized that fine sewing, the dreaded accomplishment, was her sole means of support.

Years passed. In the natural evolution of things, the dainty frill, the rolled and whipped ruffling, the fine embroidery, gave place to the grind and click of the sewing machine; the smart tailor-made costumes and shirt-waist of up-to-date fashion. But she, too, had changed from a child of nature and grace to a woman of forty, with a gleam of silver in her gold-brown curls.

But the white silk gown! Sara glanced up over the mantel at her favorite painting—a work of her's

done in idle hours—a garret in sombre colors; an old trunk with a white ball gown, in sheeny folds, pulled half way out. A string of pearls hung over the edge; a satin slipper lay on the floor, and a broken fan beside it.

It had been a whim of hers to embody these souvenirs of her past in oil and color—the white silk gown in which she had floated light as thistle down, on the night of the last happy day of her life, and the slipper which carried her through dance and measure, tapping impatiently when the kindest of true lovers came to her and said in his quiet way:

"Shall we tread a measure, Sara?"

She remembered with pain her imperious gesture; how she shrugged her silken-draped shoulders as he turned sadly away, and the angry snap of her fan, that he sought her no more.

Sara was easily the favorite of the ball room. She had no lack of lovers. But Robert Grantland, the friend of her whole life, was to her nothing less than the noblest and manliest of men. He was the superior of her masculine friends—a gentleman in a finer sense. Her tender heart adored his virtues. In spite of her capricious moods, her faulty appreciation of his love, her conception of his character was clear enough—he was one in a thousand among men.

She had wounded him carelessly. She had done the like before, times without number, assured of his generous pardon. But she little dreamed that this last offense decided his future career, and sent him far from her presence.

Sara waited through a painful silence. There were no tearful apologies or happy reconciliations; no word or message—never a sight of his face—only silence. Then the news of his sudden departure for Europe turned her heart cold with fear.

She waited dumbly. There was a letter of farewell which was kind, even affectionate in tone, but unmistakably friendly; and letters again, month after month, with the same thoughtful, kindly interest. Still she waited with dumb, insistent pride, but the slow months brought her no guerdon of love, or promise of love's fulfillment.

Sara felt that she had been weighed and found wanting. She was counted unworthy to walk in the way of a useful life.

In this the truth was evident. Robert Grantland had serious views of life. He had truly relinquished the love of his heart, without a word of blame or protest. He argued wisely that her butterfly existence was unfitted for an arduous and uphill career. He would place no sacrificial yoke upon her. She should be free to spend her bright days in joyous abandon of soul. With her thousand gay and dainty charms, some one with a like appreciation of the things of earth would seek, and win, her affections. She would be, in a way, a happy Southern matron, and life's merry little round for her, perhaps, would soon be over.

However, had he known that in leaving Georgia he was leaving that young heart desolate, the momentous question of his life might then have been decided, with all his careful plans.

This trial, as such trials often do, awoke within Sara her better self, and provided her a strength which covered her head in the day of battle. Troubles crowded about her. She stood alone, and bereaved. The pillared mansion of rest and peace was no more.

After this, the long years of experience! Sara stitched into ruffle and seam the roses in her cheeks, and the hopes of her youth. A woman of forty remained.

Yet she was not given to repining. Nor was she inclined to lackadaisical airs over untoward circumstances. She had developed rather into a

wholesome type of womanhood, and by slow gradations, into that product of the twentieth century—a self-reliant woman. At forty, she was not bereft of charms. Age slips easily over the heads of favored ones. Hers was an elastic nature, peculiar to Southern women—brave to bear, heroic to endure—preserving in her spinster days the sweetness of soul and grace of her youth. There was about her a certain poise and gesture, a willowy grace that bespoke the artist; a certain carriage of the head, a high-bred air; a gracious sweetness of mouth and brow that reminded one of an old portrait of generations gone, or the patrician daughter of a hundred dainty mothers.

The careful training of Sara's early life upheld her in perilous days. In her darkest hours of privation and toil, she was recognized everywhere and always, as distinctly a gentlewoman. She had avoided—how carefully!—the pitfalls along the way.

There was, for instance, the crabbed discontent of spinsterhood, and again the gossipy tendency of the average dressmaker. But she had no leisure for small or mean diversions. Her life had resolved itself into one prayer —to be noble, to be something, to be worthy! and a veritable safeguard it proved.

Sara kept her joyous and lovable individuality, which was to her the spring of life and youth. Her resolute will triumphed over the many petty weaknesses of her kind. Her high courage and unfailing courtesy found no closed doors to encounter. Withal, she had schooled herself into a sort of calm content—a poise of mind that balanced safely her ills and pleasures. She learned to divide her life into short spaces—to live a day at a time. And the day was not all dreary with a lace work of greenery in her window, and a bit of blue sky above.

Owing to an artistic touch, and conscientious regard for duty, she was a successful dressmaker. But that she was an artist by practice, she counted as a triumph of her will, which snatched this luxury from working hours.

Toil for Sara had its recompense. In her art she was truly happy, and grouped about the walls of her room were relics of her summer idyls—paintings done in oil and water color, sketches of sea and land, silvery snow scenes, and quiet landscapes. These summer outings among the lake regions of New York, where she reveled in the beauty of earth and sky, of wide hay-mown fields, and silver bits of water, freshened her spirit for every winter's toil.

Sara counted her friends by the score, whose kindly influence had helped her to an independent footing. Of all her services (which bore ever the unmistakable stamp of her handiwork), perhaps she alone kept a reckoning. Her list of accomplishments was surprising even to herself. Besides her dressmaking, she was also a skilled nurse, and a dainty cook, as many a table in gala dress bore witness. Time was her most expensive luxury; yet her decorative instinct led her into opulent homes where teas and swell clubs prevailed.

Sara might truly have called herself successful. She had now reached a substantial basis in her work. Her yearly trip to New York—her summer revel in color and glorious perspectives—was assured. She reassured herself that she was calmly happy. She felt, indeed, a sort of pity for that irresponsible young German girl she used to know, who fed on illusory sweets, and ballroom unrealities. Her present strenuous life was, by far, more satisfactory. And the little ministries, waiting, to the right and left of her, which added so much to the pleasures of others, she would not neglect.

At The Oaks—a haven of rest and

refuge—she had been lavish in kindly returns. She would spend Christmas there. Sara folded the letter in her hands. Nothing should be wanting to heighten the pleasures of the season that her ingenuity could devise. Ethel's warm heart should be comforted.

She began preparations for the morning's train, packing a small trunk, and smiling as she placed the white silk at the bottom, wrapped in silver paper, where it had lain untouched for years. This, with a necklace of pearls and some rare cameos, were the only relics of her palmy days. She strapped her trunk, turned the key in the lock, laid out her purse, hat and gloves, as the city clocks struck twelve.

Chapter II.

A flutter of snow in the air! Clouds scurrying toward a gray horizon in the teeth of a gusty wind! Slush and mud in the streets! Pavements slippery and glistening under the fading lights; the cry of newsboys, the rattle and bang of heavy wagons; the swift, undulating motion of the electric cars, and withal, the city of Nashville with gaily decked shopwindows, and Christmas greens galore.

Sara left the Union depot on a westward bound train, speeding over Tennessee hills and valleys; passing hamlet and town, dreary looking stations, desolate farm houses, and negro huts; miles of barren lands in scrub oaks; ten miles of valley with a river running through; a forest of black-jacks, a background of hills and noble pines, and Deering Station was reached.

Tennessee is full of surprises. In her seasons, for instance, what a sportive weather-vane! She is famous for her lovely autumns—the gorgeous coloring of her woods; the soft, hazy blue of her skies. Yet, when the late November winds wail through the hollows, and call from the hill tops, one awakes from the pleasant vision to find a treacherous chill in the air, the trees all bare and gray against a grayer sky—the severe aspect of winter settling on field, and hill, and river.

But who can determine the length and breadth of a Tennessee winter? In the late fall there is still a hint of summer in the fragrant woods and odorous breath of dead brown leaves; still a hint of fresh green life under the drifts, and in sunny stretches.

On frosty mornings, the air is darkened by crowds of noisy blackbirds, creaking with their discordant voices, like the sound of miles and miles of rusty, moving machinery.

One says, "Winter is surely coming." Yet when the land lies locked in snow, and icicles hang pendant from every tree and housetop, a spring sun looks out suddenly, and a spring birds' carol sounds like a pæon of victory. There are touches, too, of color to brighten the wintry landscape. In the woods or on the highways, the glossy laurel and crimson bittersweet; lichens, flecked with fire, and bronze green mosses on rocky spaces. Cedars everywhere, contesting the ancient growth of oaks and poplars. And lo! under the white coverlet of midwinter, plants of a bulbous kind put forth green heads with a glow of renewed life.

Tennessee, herself, holds variety as the "spice" of her existence. No dead monotony of treeless plains on her rugged surface! She delights in bumps and depressions; in scooped-out valleys and endless chains of hills—but here again she surprises one. From barren fields and scant vegetation, a neighboring hill may command from its summit of wild honeysuckles an inviting prospect—a vast panorama of velvety, blue grass pastures, set in ancient trees, clear of undergrowth, and fair as an English preserve!

This is Middle Tennessee, mind you, not in the East where her mountains kiss the skies, nor in the West, where she lies flat and prone by the Tennessee river. She is, however, a land of surprises from mountain peak to river bottom; but in nothing more than promiscuous mixing of localities and men. A village of simple folk, old and primitive; then as if progress had suddenly remembered the lapse, an upward and outward bound of nature, and lo, the lordly estate of the Southern land-owner, the mansion of refined and cultured life!

Tennessee has had her history. And now, though strung with the wires of modern inventions, many a monument of her ancient greatness stands yet among the seclusions of hoary trees—the family homes of departed generations.

The Oaks was such a surprise. Commanding a view of the ten-mile valley, and just over the intervening pine hills from Glendower, the mansion with its vast estate was an imposing reminder of antebellum days. The building was a square massive structure, whose stone walls were quarried from the soft tinted rock of the neighboring hills.

The spacious rooms were rich in fresco work and antiquated carving. A wide gallery, with its heavy columns in clusters of three, ran across the breadth of the building. A grove of towering oaks, interspersed with evergreens, adorned the grounds. Here, Mr. Deering, a successful business man, a progressive farmer, and a scholar of high degree, dwelt among his neighbors with the simple grace of a country gentleman.

At Deering Station, Sara Meredith entered the waiting trap, driven by the practiced hands of Uncle Joe, who was the man-of-odd-jobs at The Oaks.

A drive of two miles by the river's side, which turned abruptly as she entered Glendower—that dull village asleep in its cradle of hills—then out and beyond, a sudden turn of landscape, a rolling sweep of upland, and the light and warmth of The Oaks greet her tired vision.

A broad light streamed from the open hallway into the gathering dusk. Sara's face flushed with the pleasure of that true home feeling never experienced elsewhere than in Tennessee.

Two bearish hugs from Rob and Edgar Deering unceremoniously bade her welcome. These were her juvenile admirers. Mr. Deering, her kind friend and counselor, greeted her cordially; and Mrs. Deering, on whose pleasant face time had levied no tax, laid an affectionate hand on Sara's shoulders.

"To your room, my dear, for a little rest up before dinner."

And she mounted the stairs with a weary step, but that feeling again of home, and that delicious sense of happiness and subdued excitement that pervades the Deering home at Christmas time.

"Now, Sara," said her hostess, as they sit at last by the great wood fire in the hall, "hear my plans for the holidays. We have decided to celebrate Christmas in true Southern style. Mr. Deering expects an old friend who has been abroad for years; and who, I am sure, would relish once more an old-time Christmas. My son, who brings a friend from the North, writes to the same effect. We shall please Ethel also, and her friends; and to tell the truth," added Mrs. Deering, laughingly, "I am really wishing to conciliate Glendower, too, with something out-of-date and musty."

"Glendower has a disgruntled air on festive occasions," remarked Sara, smilingly.

"Yes, like a decrepid old watch-dog disturbed in his evening nap. It seems that I offend the peace of Glendower. Gold, or tennis, tallyho parties, hayrides, and the like are

severely discountenanced. An automobile is an instrument of the evil one. I cannot find the tender side of Glendower. And the telephone, Sara! That is an added offense."

"There is no real quiet where the telephone rings," said Sara, with genuine sympathy. "It has a knack of ringing out jokes, and disturbing the climax of stories. It is a most annoying convenience, I surmise, at the Postoffice."

"An old-fashioned Christmas, once more, ladies," advised Mr. Deering, from behind his paper, "provided you can command your forces."

"Ah, the question of servants! That is my dilemma. How can I depend on them for such an occasion? They know little now of antebellum times, and care less to learn. Then, there is a kind of "Union" among them, which includes every organization for mutual benefit that they can devise. They have lately regulated working hours."

"That is discouraging for the dinner hour?"

"I cannot learn. They claim the holidays now. I am not sure of my servants at all, throughout Christmas. And without them, my plans fail, of course. Think of it—a house-party without servants! And—how ludicrous! an old-time Southern Christmas without darkies! Really, I regret having attempted this affair. I fear we shall only celebrate the passing of the old."

"There is only one way," advised Sara, wisely, "Bribery."

"But, oh, my depleted wardrobe! What have I not given? I am constantly receiving notes and divers complaints. They are sent in as admonitory warnings of leave-taking; or I have learned to spell them out to mean additional gifts rather than increase of salary. I resort to my wardrobe, as I dislike to break my rule of prices. And do you know, my dear," Mrs. Deering whispered solemnly, "a gown that is not strictly up-to-date in style, they simply will not accept?"

Sara laughed merrily.

"What force have we? Give me my bearings."

"Well, Joe is a certainty. I have only the faintest hope of keeping Bettie, the housemaid, or Sam, the butler. My laundress is almost sure to fail me. Aunt Ann may stay—at the expense of our peace—in the kitchen. But just fancy my pompous old cook in a cotton gown and red bandana!"

"They need a Booker Washington, or a wise leader, to teach them the dignity of work," commented Mr. Deering, from his desk across the hall. "Can you solve our difficulty, Sara?"

"Trust my rabbit's foot for Aunt Ann," she answered gaily. "Let the others go if they will."

The festivities of the week were carefully planned on old-fashioned lines, famous among the annals of Southern hospitality. Apart from the celebration of Ethel's birthday, which was a dining, in red effect—a charming combination of crimson wax candles, holly, and yards of crimson ribbon—every day's entertainment was a replica of one in a departed era. A rather grand dress affair in costumes of the early '60's closed the social features of the week.

"Now, Sara," said Mrs. Deering, "one thing more—something in primitive style—a kind of surprise for Christmas Eve. Our guests will arrive on the evening of the 23d. Next morning there will be a meeting of the hounds at Glendower. We want an illumination for the evening. Think of something unique."

"I have an idea," said Sara, slowly, "An o'possum hunt. The old cabin on the hill must be cleaned and whitewashed. We will have a primitive supper there, with a dance afterward. The hill will be lighted with pine torches."

"Oh, Sara, how delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Deering.

There was more need, however, of diplomacy in the kitchen. The maids were sullen. Aunt Ann was portentously stiff. She protested indignantly:

"Name o' sense, Miss Sallie, what's dat fur? Clean dat old cabin in th' woods? Tain't fitten fur nuthin' but a shuck pen!"

She was a dignified old negro, in a sweeping black skirt and striped shirtwaist, very tight and trim; with side-combs of red celluloid in her hair, and brass mounted glasses on her nose. A broad ring on her finger, in spite of its brazen quality, but emphasized her respectability.

She stalked across the kitchen floor with an affronted air.

Miss Sallie was a favorite in the Deering kitchen—a particular one—but Aunt Ann was intolerant of sacrifices now—she was more in need of help. The dragging work increased her exasperation.

Sara's perseverence met with a second rebuff, evasively given: "Scour it? Well, I kin scour it—I is done it time and agin. I live there five year."

"Aunt Ann, persuade Joe to clean and whitewash the cabin."

Aunt Ann rattled the crockery ominously in the pantry.

"Now Miss Sallie, ef Joe does that whitewashing in Christmas time it'll open my two eyes—dat's all."

Joe was Aunt's shiftless and irresponsible husband, tolerated at The Oaks for the sake of his "better half"—a fact of which she was fully aware.

The overhauling of the cabin was done at last, however, and beautifully done. The floor was scoured as clean as sand and water could make it. The walls were snow white, and the old fire-place put in order—all the work of Aunt Ann's irate, but energetic arms. Joe was the object of many a threatening imprecation.

The servants were still in an obstinate humor regarding their expected duties. They of the fluffy coiffeurs and shirt-waist proclivities did not relish a return to the bandana headdress and cotton gown. They missed the sentiment of old-time relations, and rebelled at the badges of slavery days. They asserted their liberty.

They also claimed the holidays—their own social duties would be neglected. Sara's arguments were met invariably with one or more rules of the "S'ciety." Replies were quick and pert. She was tempted more than once to vacate her ground. But by dint of coaxing, and rewards, an agreement on working hours, and finally by crossing their palms with extra coin, Sara triumphed in the end.

She compromised herself, however. Through the busy days that followed she was appropriated in the kitchen, and the pantry was filled with exquisite conceptions of culinary art, for which she was noted.

"You're welcome as an angel, honey," said Aunt Ann, with restored good humor. "Dese gwines on here is sump'n turrible."

The decorations were complete. The Oaks was a bower of holly and mistletoe from guest-chamber to the great front vestibule. The heavy pillars were wreathed in pine, and over the front entrance "Welcome" glowed in holly berries from its green setting.

One afternoon Sara went up to the cabin on thehill where the delinquent Joe stood ready to serve her orders.

"Loads of mistletoe, Joe, and holly, and pine," said she, kindly. And Joe worked with unusual interest and unaccustomed energy, as her deft fingers fashioned wonderful bowers of green, and cornucopias of the autumn's fullness. Toward sunset they rested from their labors. The old cabin was transformed into a thing of beauty.

Sara wended her weary way home-

ward. She reached the front lawn as Joe disappeared under the oaks, on his way to Glendower driving a trap gaily bedecked with Christmas greens and crimson streamers.

"Dat fool nigger," exclaimed Aunt Ann disgustedly. "A red bow in his haid! Dat's a sight fur quality folks!"

Sara passed into the dining-room and critically inspected the table as it stood under the soft glow of wax lights.

"I bid you good-night, Aunt Ann. I shall not dine tonight; I am very tired."

"Dat you is, honey," said Aunt Ann, who was still in a wonderful humor. "Good-night. I'll send you a roll an' some tea."

Sara wheeled a chair to the bright wood fire in her cozy room. She closed her eyes dreamily, basking in the delicious warmth, and enjoying the quiet rest that was so rare a thing with her. She listened drowsily for sounds of the incoming guests. A bark of a cur sounded with dismal distinctness from across the river. Then the melodious notes of the hounds in the kennel, a crunching of wheels on the front driveway, with a chorus of voices and happy laughter.

There were greetings in the hall: more voices and laughter, mingled with the deep bass of masculine tones. Then Ethel's voice, clear and high, as she mounted the stairway:

"Sara! Sari! Sari!"

Sara felt two loving arms about her neck. She looked up, smiling, into Ethel's tender face.

"Oh, my dear, how good you are to come, and how beautiful everything is! Home is so refreshing. You will dine with us tonight? Brother John has grown quite an inch, and is so handsome in his uniform. His friend from the North—Lieutenant Watterson—is very interesting, and probably finds us so. He is certainly entertained with Southern scenes and customs. He seems to enjoy every moment of his time.

"I am sure you will like my school friends, Sara, but our distinguished guest from Georgia is quite beyond me. I need you, really. You cannot dine? How tired you are!"

"Not tonight, little one. Don't mention me please—just yet. I have some work to finish, and rest I must, to-morrow."

"Always 'work' with you, Sara! When are your holidays?"

"Never mind. I shall be with you to-morrow, sometime."

"You must entertain our friend. Perhaps you can advise him. Did I tell you that he is planning a great work in Georgia? He has now the time and means to carry out his plans. My friend, Elizabeth Dunlap, is enthusiastic over her uncle's life."

"Oh, Ethel!" cried Sara in a pained voice. "How happy are they who can gratify the desires of their soul."

"Why, you are always doing good. Your life is a service and a mission," said Ethel, caressing the wealth of gold-brown hair. "There's always the hope of better things, remember, and better days for you, dear."

Sara listened sadly. She saw nothing before her but the inevitable dress-making. There was no escape from it. Her soul abhorred a fashion-plate. The hollowness of dress and display sickened her at times. How glorious to be free of it all, to go into the world and help others to be happy! And how pitiful that the soul was more often neglected—thrust aside for material needs of the body!

The world is beautiful to the one who makes it so.

Sara bade her friend good-night, with a smile, and gathered her materials for work. Her elastic nature rose buoyantly, above repining thoughts. Better things would come in time. And time should find her ready and equipped for the change.

The clock struck ten. Sounds of laughter and music issued from the drawing-room below. Mrs. Deering moved in and out like a spirit of Christmas, with her pleasant bits of news and cherry messages. Sara worked rapidly, with skillful touches of brush and pencil, on bits of brown, crude paper , scrawling out, in lettering of red ink, suggestive of pokeberry juice, the words of invitation to the o'possum hunt. The work was soon finished. At midnight the curious guest, drawing out the thorn which pinned the card of rough brown paper, read in pleased surprise:

"Start from The Oaks and find ME—a fat o'possum, hanging from a limb of a spreading oak!

"On the night before Christmas 1900."

Chapter III.

The hall clock counted in sonorous tones the hours of the night. Slumber lured the tired guests with soothing lullabies. Yet there was one among them who walked his chamber floor with the startling cry of "Sara—Sari—Sari!" still ringing in his ears. The sound thrilled his soul like a chiming of familiar bells. It brought back with compelling force an overwhelming rush of memories, with a happy dream of his youth.

Identified with every nook of his boyhood's haunts was the little maiden, Sara, of his love—the fairy creature with gold-brown curls, at once his heart's desire, his soul's torment. Her presence had impressed upon his heart for aye the mountain steeps of Georgia, the sombre shadows of the pines; the endless hedges of Cherokee roses, and wild muscadines by the water courses; the sprays of trailing wistaria over-running hamlet, or mansion, or fence of the field.

It were as but yesterday that he saw her taking her evening walks with old Madam Whitney, when the sun lay low, and the mountain shadows were long. She was the idol of this stately old grandmother; and the delightsome darling of a delectable home. He knew her well—the little Sara with gold-brown curls—she of the poke-bonnet, whether of white, or blue, or crimson; always and ever with flowers on her dress or in her hair—golden-belled jasmine or purple wistaria, or blood-red blossoms of the pomegranate.

He had traveled far and wide, and years had passed, yet her face had come between him and every woman he had thought to call "wife." She was like a ghost that would not "down," the winsome, merry child of long ago. The little maiden, with her thousand endearing charms, was still his soul's torment, his heart's desire.

Next morning the music of "Sara—dear Sari" still echoed from corridor and hall. This "Sara" was in demand—a ministering angel of a Tennessee Christmas. Who could she be?

He passed on through the hall to the wide, front gallery, where Rob and Edgar Deering, abreast with the day, played in the early sunlight.

The glow of the morning lay on the grounds, and softened the sturdy lines of the great bare oaks. Brown leaves fluttered in the chill wind. A thin blue line hung over the distant river. The sun rode gloriously through the clouds. It was a December morning of Tennessee—half gray, half cold; a veil of cloud and a challenge of sunshine.

"And who is Sara, my little man?" asked Robert Grantland, placing a hand on Edgar's shoulder.

"Sara's a trump," answered Edgar, busily fingering her latest gift—his new air-gun:

"Sara's me mother," observed Rob, meditatively, toiling down the gallery steps.

Sara, who was blissfully uncon-

scious of the mystery, luxuriated in the rest and seclusion of her room, eluding guest and tiresome formality. It was only when the afternoon was half spent that she girded herself anew to do the honors of the opening entertainment—the o'possum hunt.

"Come, Aunt Ann—are you ready?" she called out cheerily from the waiting cart.

She was fresh and sparkling. Her face flushed with the pure joy of living. The gold-brown hair waved rebelliously about her brow, escaping in tiny curls above her white linen collar. Sara was ready with a zest for the occasion.

"Got Christmas in yo' bones, I reckon; I ain't," grumbled Aunt Ann.

She inspected the loaded cart. "All th' 'visions in here? Where's that spare-rib an' sausage—here 'tis. I tell you, Miss Sallie," she continued, climbing into the cart, and settling her ample proportions on the seat, "dese here doin's is heathenish. I lay myself out to be a light to the cullud folks in this kuntry, an' here I is, pullin' to a 'possum hunt—an' a *dance*. Now this very night—this *very* night—our s'ciety meets—where I ain't been in a mont."

"Tell me about your society, Aunt Ann," asked Sara, flipping the pony's ears with her whip.

"Well, it's th' 'Sons and Darters of Ham,' Miss Sallie, an' its a powerful s'ciety. It helps the sick an' it buries the dead."

"That's a good thing," observed Sara, sympathetically, "Where do you meet?"

"On tother side of the hill there. We calls it th' hall, but we uses it fur a church an' a school-house. I'm treas'rer now, sence that no-count Jim Jones tuck an' run off wid de money—. Take keer, Miss Sallie! Dat pony is de outdaciousest scamp on dis whole place—that very Proctor Knott. Hold th' lines—so.

"We chu'ched him for it—Jim Jones—and tu'ned him cla'r outen de meetin'-house—"

"What church, Aunty?"

"Baptist—in cose," said Aunt Ann, shortly.

"Well?" queried Sara, amusedly.

"Well, yo see, old Aunt Demsey died about that time, and we all wid an empty treas'ry—so de white folks had to bury her. Den two of de brethren wus sick acrost the river, dependin' on dat dollar an' a half from th' s'ciety—an' it ain't been paid yit.

"Hold up de lines. Miss Sallie. Dat pony needs a stiff hand."

"And Jim Jones—what of him?" asked Sara.

"Dat low-life nigger? Why, what did he do but dress hisself in fine sto' clo'es an' 'pear 'fore the kongregation, co'tin' dat yaller gal what moved into Glendower. Now you know, Miss Sallie, dat the whole er Glendower jes do nacherly 'spise a nigger—dey never havin' owned none durin' de War—or befo' nuther—an' 'specially a yaller nigger—

"I tell you, Miss Sallie, dat pony's gwine to show hisself—wid all them tin pails rattlin'. I've knowed him fur ten year, an' I ain't never knowed him guilty of a good action yit. Now hold him! Hold on, Miss Sallie! Ketch dem buckets! Dar goes th' taters—hold him—"

And over went Aunt Ann with a thud on the pine-strewn ground, while Proctor Knott clung to the hillside, eyeing the overturned cart with criss-cross eyeballs, and a contemplative air.

"Come, Aunt Ann, you are not hurt?" asked Sara, solicitously, looking down at the prostrate form with merry eye and twitching lips.

"Hu't! Did you ever kno' an' ole pusson to git over a fall? I ain't 'sprised ef I never gits over it."

Aunt Ann groaned. "Here I is, thr'own on th' wayside, stid er tendin' my meetin'! It warn't intended for

me to fool long o' 'possum hunts an' dances! Take keer, chile, I'm gwine home! Its th' rulin's of Providence."

"Rulings of Proctor Knott!" exclaimed Sara, alarmed. "You can't desert us now, Aunt Ann—Mrs. Deering is depending on you. You are to have a new bonnet and gown for this occasion."

Aunt Ann arose, trying her limbs cautiously. "Well, they ain't no bones broke, I reckon," straightening her bandana. "But I ain't ride behind dat pony *no* more—you hear me?"

Sara refilled the cart hurriedly, soothing the wounded feelings of the old negress, and instructing her in the duties of the evening.

"You are to help me cook and serve this supper, Aunt Ann," she said kindly, as they walked up the hill, leading the pony. "And you are to be a genuine before-the-war darkey."

"I 'members dem times," said Aunt Ann soberly.

"Well, I shall expect a good fiddler and a banjo-picker."

"Joe ain't fitten fur nothin' else but fiddlin', and Jack makes a banjo talk."

"Very well, now; a crowd of darkies about the door—all sizes—young and old. They may laugh, sing, shout, dance—and finish up the feast."

"That'll do fur ole Abe an' his tribe down there at th' foot of th' hill. They'll act enuff—don't be oneasy."

The cabin was in sight. A Christmas bower of green, white and crimson. "My land! Miss Sallie, you is fixed things up. Joe's got his blood up, I reckon."

Joe was retrieving himself. The yard was neat and homelike. Hung in the trees around were wire baskets, filled with pine knots, for torches. Within, the huge fireplace was ablaze with light.

A pleasing odor of pine filled the room. Great wreaths of evergreens festooned the walls and swung from the rafters. Bunches of mistletoe adorned the improvised lamps. Fronds of feathery fern waved softly from white walls, and across the wide fireplace was an old and quaint device in letters of pine—"Kindle Friendship."

Sara flitted about busily, filled the long table with crockery, borrowed from the Glendower store, and, cut in fanciful shapes, napkins of soft brown paper. Aunt Ann, clothed in a blue cotton gown and red bandana, arranged her ovens on the broad hearth. The primitive supper was begun.

At ten o'clock, Sara's listening ear caught the sounds of animated talk and mingled laughter of the hunting party, with Ethel's high, clear note predominant. An enthusiastic cheering followed a sudden turn of the hills.

Outside the cabin Joe had gathered a crowd of curious onlookers. The pine knots ablaze in the trees made a glorious bonfire which quite eclipsed Glendower's solitary Roman candle. Under the flare of torches, forms, dark and picturesque, moved about to the sound of fiddle and banjo, with a "flip-flap" and measured beat, yet with indescribable rhythm of motion that invests a negro's rags with the witchery of music.

Under a shower of eager "Christmas Gifts," the surprise party, led by Mr. Deering, entered the cabin. Aunt Ann hovered over the ovens in the old-time way. The supper was browning slowly on the hearth—o'possum and sweet potatoes; sausages, broiling on a gridiron; a huge spare-rib, turning slowly before the coals and roasting a delicate brown; corn-cakes, a pot of coffee steaming on a tripod, and a teakettle, singing from its pot-hook up the chimney.

The lights shone brightly. The

white walls glowed with Christmas cheer. Sara, in a dark blue gown and dainty white apron, stood beside the breadtray, moulding her dough into biscuits, putting a dimple in each one with a turn of her palm, after the pattern of the old-time mistress of the oven.

More cheering followed, with cries of wonderment and appreciation in feminine tones.

"Oh, Sari, how dear you are!" cried Ethel with eager enthusiasm, bringing a bevy of girls about the breadtray, while Sara smiled and nodded in recognition. She received the guests graciously, giving her friend John Deering a bright welcome, and bowing cordially to Lieutenant Watterson, as they closed about her.

"Of all things, Sara," said John Deering, "this primitive scene pleases us most—this bit of the old past, with the new century."

But she scarcely heard. She stood staring beyond him at a tall, stately form—a handsome, manly man, with close-cut, silvered hair, and face bronzed and saddened, yet "one in a thousand" still.

Her hands trembled. The green and white walls swam before her dizzy eyes. Again the breath of Georgia hills; the vision of cotton fields, white unto harvest; again the home of her youth with its wide-open doors of rest and peace.

Robert Grantland stood before her, pale and agitated. She looked up with a sobbing breath.

"Sara! Why, Sara, my little friend! Why are you here among these Tennessee hills? How has the world used you, my dear, through all these years?"

She smiled bravely through her tears. "I'll tell you, sometime. I shall just be glad tonight—your face is like home. I am rejoiced, Robert, to see you again," she added, under his kind gaze.

Sara recovered her composure. She turned to the group about her, ignoring John Deering's quizzical glances.

"This is an old friend, Ethel," she explained, smiling off the suppressed excitement, as Robert Grantland began a pleasing description of a little Georgia girl of his remembrance.

Sara was resourceful. She understood the art of reducing to order a chaotic condition of affairs. She was again the gracious hostess. With a bright remark—a word here and a smile there, she went on moulding her biscuits, and dimpling each with her palm, to the delight of her guests.

A merry party gathered at length about the rough table, gaily bedecked with apples, popcorn, and stick-candy —Glendower's best. Then, what a feast—not so much of wonderful biscuit or golden butter as a banquet of memory and "flow of soul."

Aunt Ann served the guests in a prim and dignified manner. Her statuesque dignity, unconsciously posed, harmonized with the spirit of the occasion. But Sara! With what infinite tact, what exquiiste grace did she do the honors of the homely table! How deft were her fingers! And, again, how light her jests, how joyous her abandon, feeling in her happy soul the tender watching of certain loving eyes. The demure, Puritan-like maiden of the bread-tray was transformed into a creature of sparkling wit and merry jest. Aunt Ann lifted her turbanned head in mild surprise.

The banquet ended with a musical clinking of glasses, under the happy toast of Lieutenant Watterson's "The Old and The New," to which Robert Grantland responded in eloquent and retrospective vein of a nation's past.

The room was cleared for the Virginia reel. The thumping of banjo and tedious tuning of the fiddle were followed at last by a stream of liquid

music. Joe drew his bow across the strings with a steady hand.

Sara led the reel, in slow and stately fashion, with Mr. Deering. Graceful figures moved down the line with dainty step and rythmic tread. Ethel glided by with happy, shining eyes.

"A white silk wedding gown, Sari," she whispered, irrepressibly.

Sara caught the bright glance, but she heeded not. The years of toil were slipping back. Peace was hers at last.

The music changed. She sat on Aunt Ann's knee for a moment's rest. The merry crowd flitted back and forth across the floor. Laughter was in the air, and happy voices. She watched the scene with lustrous eyes.

"Shall we tread a measure, Sara?" and he, who was "one in a thousand" still, whose voice was sweeter than music, stood again before her. She turned to him with a smile, as he took her in his arms.

Aunt Ann, from her resting place on the hearth, leaned over toward the fiddler in excited protest.

"Chune up dar, Joe! Chune up, man! Can't you see dat gal a steppin'? M-y land—how easy she go! Chune up, Joe, I tell yer! Oh! Miss Sallie, honey, you've danced befo'."

And never was music sweeter. Volumes of it rolled through the room; rills of it streamed from the crevices of the cabin walls, and out upon the torchlight hills—music that dropped its liquid notes into the heart with a song of love, and joy, and home.

The lights burned brightly. Holly berries glowed rich and warm from emerald wreaths. Christmas cheer was in the air, and laughter, with the hum of pleasant voices.

Sara floated down the room, in a dream too happy for words. A brooding peace lay in her heart—a restful quiet, like sunshine from the Georgia skies. She saw before her, in long stretches of beautiful service, the satisfying desires of her soul. Gone were the burdens, the dread and suspense, the unrequited toil. Hers was the recompense at last—the sheltering arms of her heart's beloved.

CONFESSION.

MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

Dear Lord, we daily cry to Thee
As beggars asking alms,
Always imploring Thee to fill
Our empty, uplifted palms.

Continually we turn to Thee
From each hour's wrong and blight,
As children to kind parents flee
For refuge from affright.

We chant our litanies of woe,
Forgetting in our pain
That streams of countless blessings flow
Free as the gentle rain.

Thy pardon, Lord, we humbly crave,
And may we ever raise
Altars within our willing hearts
On which to offer praise.

ECONOMICS.

Wealth is a quality of things caused by the wants, desires, or necessities of mankind. A thing that is not wanted is not wealth. A thing that is wanted is wealth, and the greater the necessity, the greater the wealth.

A log may be worth a dollar as firewood, but if a man were to fall into deep water his necessity to keep afloat might make its value equal to all his possessions.

What are dollars?

They are things that can be transformed into all forms of wealth known to economics. If a man has dollars he has everything he can desire. Dollars would not give him wisdom, or virtue, or innocence, but these qualities do not belong to economics.

The experiences of mankind have produced dollars of two kinds. They are dollars that are paid, and dollars that are promised to be paid. Both are indispensable in conducting the business of the world. Credit is as important as cash. Banks deal with both cash dollars and credit dollars in the same way that everybody deals with cash and credit. The entire process comes from the experiences of mankind.

In practical life everybody deals with wealth in the same way. There is no trouble with any of it until it is critically discussed, when the great majority of men go wild.

It is often said that labor makes wealth, but the history of the world does not produce a single example. A man may live in the world for eighty years, having worked for many persons and many have worked for him. But he never worked to make wealth. In every case he worked for dollars that were already made, and in the pockets of another man. The labor was done to get the dollar out of the other man's pocket into his own. If he thought the dollars were not in the other man's pocket he would throw up his job. The same is true of all who worked for him.

Colonial speech is made up of tropes, metaphors, figures, and is not fit for critical statement. We say the sun rises and the sun sets, the rose is red, the grass is green. We talk of moral forces, of human brotherhood, all figurative. Wealth is an abstraction, and not an object, or thing, and as the majority of mankind cannot comprehend abstractions, this quality must be combined with an object, or thing, to be reacquired.

We say that labor made the grindstone, that the grindstone is wealth, therefore labor makes wealth. But wants, and desires, make the quality of wealth that is in the grindstone. Wealth is on the chain of causation with wants and necessities, and not with labor.

Labor is done to enable the individual to get for himself the bounty of nature, and in no instance does it make the bounty. Successive phenomena are not always cause and effect, however much they may appear to be so.

The infant labors to supply its wants. It does not make its food. It does not make the vital air it breathes, and from the cradle to the grave the child, the youth, and the man, are economic products that subsist upon the bounty of nature.

J. LANCASTER.

Fairhope, Ala.

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Chapter XXXI.

AFTER leaving Atlanta, with only her normal strength and flesh to regain, Jane Hemingway returned to her mountain home in most excellent spirits. She had heartily enjoyed her stay, and was quite in her best mood before the eager group of neighbors who had gathered at her cottage the afternoon of her return.

"What *I* can't understand," remarked old Mrs. Penuckle, "is why you don't say more about the cutting. Why, the knife wasn't going into *me* at all, and yet on the day I thought the doctors would be at work on you I couldn't eat my dinner. I went around shuddering, fancying I could feel the blade rake, rake through my vitals. Wasn't you awfully afraid?"

"Bless your soul, no!" Jane laughed merrily. "There wasn't a bit more of a quiver on me than there is right now. We was all talking in a funny sort of way and passing jokes to the last minute before they gave me ether. They gave it to me in a tin thing full of cotton that they clapped over my mouth and nose. I had to laugh, I remember, for, just as he got ready, Dr. Putnam said, with his sly grin, 'Look here, I'm going to muzzle you, old lady, so you can't talk any more about your neighbors.' "

"Well, he certainly give you a bliff there without knowing it," remarked Sam Hemingway, dryly. "But he's a fool if he thinks a tin thing full o' drugs would do that."

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"Oh, go on and tell us about the cutting," said Mrs. Penuckle, wholly oblivious of Sam's sarcasm. "That's what *I* come to hear about."

"Well, I reckon getting under that ether was the toughest part of the job," Jane smiled. "I took one deep whiff of it, and I give you my word I thought the pesky stuff had burnt the lining out of my windpipe. But Dr. Putnam told me he'd give it to me more gradual, and he did. It still burnt some, but it begun to get easy, and I drifted off into the pleasantest sleep, I reckon, I ever had. When I come to and found nobody in the room but a girl in a white apron and a granny's cap, I was afraid they had decided not to operate, and, when I asked her if there had been a hitch, she smiled and said it was all over, and I wouldn't have nothing to do but lie still and pick up."

"It's wonderful how fine they've got things down these days," commented Sam. "Ten years ago folks looked on an operation like that as next to a funeral, but it's been about the only picnic Jane's had since she was flying around with the boys."

The subject of this jest joined the others in a good-natured laugh. "There was just one thing on my mind to bother me," she said, somewhat more seriously, "and that was wondering who gave that money to Virginia. Naturally a thing like that would pester a person, especially where it was such a big benefit. I've been at Virginia to tell me, or give me some hint so I could find out myself, but the poor child looks awfully embarrassed, and keeps reminding me of

her promise. I reckon there isn't but one thing to do, and that is to let it rest."

"There's only one person round here that's *got* any spare money," said Sam Hemingway, quite with a straight face, "and it happens, too, that she'd like to have a thing like that done."

"Why, who do you mean, Sam?" His sister-in-law fell into his trap, as she sat staring at him blandly.

"Why, it's Ann Boyd—old Sister Ann. She'd pay for a job like that on the bare chance of the saw-bones making a miss-lick and cutting too deep, or blood-pizen settin' in."

"Don't mention that woman's name to me!" Jane said, angrily. "You know it makes me mad, and that's why you do it. I tried to keep a humble and contrite heart in me down there; but, folks, I'm going to confess to you all that the chief joy I felt in getting my health back was on account of that woman's disappointment. I never mentioned it till now, but that meddlesome old hag actually knew about my ailment long before I let it out to a soul. Like a fool, I bought some fake medicine from a tramp peddler one day, and let him examine me. He went straight over to Ann Boyd's and told her. Oh, I know he did, for she met me at the wash-hole, during the hot spell, when water was scarce, and actually gloated over my coming misfortune. She wouldn't say what the ill-luck was, but I knew what she was talking about and where she got her information."

"I never thought that old wench was as black as she was painted." Sam declared, with as much firmness as he could command in the presence of so much femininity. "If this had been a community of men, instead of three-fourths the other sort, she'd have been reinstated long before this. I'll bet, if the Scriptural injunction for the innocent to cast the first stone was obeyed, there wouldn't be no hail-storm o' rocks in this neighborhood."

"Oh, she would just suit a lot of men!" Jane said, in a tone which indicated the very lowest estimation of her brother-in-law's opinion. "It takes women to size up women. I want to meet the old thing now, just to show her that I'm still alive and kicking."

Jane had this opportunity sooner than she expected. Dr. Putnam had enjoined upon her a certain amount of physical exercise, and so one afternoon, shortly after getting back, she walked slowly down to Wilson's store. It was on her return homeward, while passing a portion of Ann's pasture, where the latter, with pencil and paper in hand, was laying out some ditches for drainage, that she saw her opportunity.

"Now, if she don't turn and run, I'll get a whack at her," she chuckled. "It will literally kill the old thing to see me walking so spry."

Thereupon, in advancing, Jane quickened her step, putting a sort of jaunty swing to her whole gaunt frame. With only the worm fence and its rough clothing of wild vines and briers between them, the women met face to face. There was a strange, unaggressive wavering in Ann's eyes, but her enemy did not heed it.

"Ah ha!" she cried. "I reckon this is some surprise to you, Ann Boyd! I reckon you won't brag about being such a wonderful health prophet now! I was told down in Atlanta—by *experts,* mind you—that my heart and lungs were as sound as a dollar, and that, counting on the long lives of my folks on both sides, I'm good for fifty years yet."

"Huh! I never gave any opinion on how long you'd live, that I know of," Ann said, sharply.

"You didn't heigh? You didn't that day at the wash-place when you stood over me and shook your finger in my face and said you knew what my trouble was, and was waiting to

see it get me down? Now, I reckon you remember!''

''I don't remember saying one word about your cancer, if that's what you are talking about,'' Ann sniffed. ''I couldn't 'a' said anything about it, for I didn't know you had it.''

''Now, I know *that's* not so; you are just trying to take backwater, because you are beat. That peddler that examined me and sold me a bottle of medicine went right to your house, and you pumped him dry as to my condition.''

''Huh! he said you just had a stiff arm,'' said Ann. ''I wasn't alluding to that at all.''

''You say you wasn't, then what *was* you talking about? I'd like to know.''

''Well, that's for me to know and you to find out,'' Ann said, goaded to anger. ''I don't have to tell you all I know and think. Now, you go on about your business, Jane Hemingway, and let me alone.''

''I'll never let you alone as long as there's a breath left in my body,'' Jane snarled. ''You know what you are; you are a disgrace to the county. You are a close-fisted, bad woman—as bad as they make them. You ought to be drummed out of the community, and you would be, too, if you didn't have so much ill-gotten gains laid up.''

There was a pause, for Jane was out of breath. Ann leaned over the fence, crushing her sheet of paper in her tense fingers. ''I'll tell you something,'' she said, her face white, her eyes flashing like those of a powerful beast goaded to desperation by an animal too small and agile to reach—''I'll tell you one thing. For reasons of my own I've tried to listen to certain spiritual advice about loving enemies. Jesus Christ laid the law down, but He lived before you was born, Jane Hemingway. There isn't an angel at God's throne today that could love you. I'd as soon try to love a hissing rattlesnake, standing coiled in my path, as touch a dried-up bundle of devilment as you are. Could I hit back at you now? *Could* I? Huh! I could tell you something, you old fool, that would humble you in the dust at my feet and make you crawl home with your nose to the earth like a whipped dog. And I reckon I'm a fool not to do it, when you are pushing me this way. You come to gloat over me because your rotton body feels a little bit stronger than it did. I could make you forget your dirty carcass. I could make you so sick at the soul you'd vomit a prayer for mercy every minute the rest of your life. But I won't do it, as mad as I am. I'll not do it. You go your way, and I'll go mine.

Jane Hemingway stared wildly. The light of triumph had died out in her thin, superstitious face. She leaned, as if for needed support, on the fence only a few feet from her enemy. Superstition was her weakest point, and it was only natural now for her to fall under its spell. She recalled Ann's fierce words prophesying some mysterious calamity which was to overtake her, and placed them beside the words she had just had hurled at her, and their combined effect was deadening.

''You think you know lots,'' she found herself saying, mechanically.

''Well, I know what I *know!*'' Ann retorted, still furious. ''You go on about your business. You'd better let me alone, woman. Some day I may fasten these two hands around that scrawny neck of yours and shake some decency into you.''

Jane shrank back instinctively. She was less influenced, however, by the threat of bodily harm than by the sinister hint, now looming large in her imagination, that had preceded it. Ann was moving away, and she soon found herself left alone with thoughts which made any but agreeable companions.

"What can the woman mean?" she muttered, as she slowly pursued her way. "Maybe she's just doing that to worry me. But no, she was in earnest—dead in earnest—both times. She never says things haphazard; she's no fool, either. It must be something simply awful or she wouldn't mention it just that way. Now, I'm going to let *this* take hold of me and worry me night and day like the cancer did."

She paused and stood in the road panting, her hand, by force of habit, resting on her breast. Looking across the meadow, she saw Ann Boyd sturdily trudging homeward through the waist-high bulrushes. The slanting rays of the sun struck the broad back of the sturdy outcast and illumined the brown cotton-land which stretched on beyond her to the foot of the mountain. Jane Hemingway caught her breath and moved on homeward, pondering over the mystery which was now running rife in her throbbing brain. Yes, it was undoubtedly something terrible—but what? That was the question—what?

Reaching home, she was met at the door by Virginia, who came forward solicitously to take her shawl. A big log-fire, burning in the wide chimney of the sitting-room, lighted it up with a red glow. Jane sank into her favorite chair, listlessly holding in her hands the small parcel of green coffee she had bought at the store.

"Let me have it," Virginia said. "I must parch it and grind it for supper. The coffee is all out."

As the girl moved away with the parcel, Jane's eyes followed her. "Should she tell her daughter what had taken place?" she asked herself. Perhaps a younger, fresher mind could unravel the grave puzzle. But how could she bring up the matter without betraying the fact that she had been the aggressor? No, she must simply nurse her new fears in secret for a while and hope for—well, what could she hope for, anyway? She lowered her head, her sharp elbows on her knees, and stared into the fire. Surely fate was against her, and it was never intended for her to get the best of Ann Boyd in any encounter. Through all her illness she had been buoyed up by the triumphant picture of Ann Boyd's chagrin at seeing her sound of body again, and this had been the result. Instead of humiliating Ann, Ann had filled her quaking soul with a thousand intangible, rapidly augmenting fears. The cloud of impending disaster stretched black and lowering across Jane Hemingway's horizon.

Sam came in with a bundle of roots in his arms, and laid them carefully on a shelf. "I've dug me some sassafras of the good, red variety," he said, over his shoulder, to her. "You folks that want to can spend money at drug stores, but in the fall of the year, if I drink plenty of sassafras tea instead of coffee, it thins my blood and puts me in apple-pie order. But I reckon you don't want *your* blood any thinner than them doctors left it. Right now you look as flabby and limber as a wet rag. What ails you, *anyway?*"

"I reckon I walked too far, right at the start," Jane managed to fish from her confused mind. "I'm going to be more careful in the future."

"Well, you'd better," Sam opined. "You may not find folks as ready to invest in your burial outfit as they was to prevent you from needing one."

Chapter XXXII.

The following morning, in her neatest dress and white sun-bonnet, Virginia walked to Wilson's store to buy some sewing-thread. She was on her way back, and was traversing the most sequestered part of the road, where a brook of clear mountain water ran rippling by, and an abundance of willows and reeds hid the spot from

view of any one approaching, when she was startled by Langdon Chester suddenly appearing before her from behind a big, moss-grown bowlder.

"Don't run, Virginia—for God's sake don't run!" he said, humbly. "I simply *must* speak to you."

"But I told you I didn't want to meet you again," Virginia answered, sternly. "Why won't you leave me alone? If I've acted the fool and lowered myself in my estimation for all the rest of my life, that ought to be enough. It is as much as I can stand. You've simply got to stop following me up."

"You don't understand, Virginia," he pleaded. "You admit you feel different since that night; grant the same to me. I've passed through absolute torment. I thought, after you talked to me so angrily the last time I saw you, that I could forget it if I left. I went to Atlanta, but I suffered worse than ever down there. I was on the verge of suicide. You see, I learned how dear you had become to me."

"Bosh! I don't believe a word of it!" Virginia retorted, her eyes flashing, though her face was deathly pale. "I don't believe any man could really care for a girl and treat her as you did me that night. God knows I did wrong—a wrong that will never be undone, but I did it for the sake of my suffering mother. That's the only thing I have to lessen my self-contempt, and that is little; but you—you—oh, I don't want to talk to you! I want to blot it all—everything about it—from my mind."

"But you haven't h e a r d m e through," he said, advancing a step nearer to her, his face ablaze with admiration and unsatisfied passion. "I find that I simply can't live without you, and as for what happened that awful night, I've come to wipe it out in the most substantial way a self-respecting man can. I've come to ask you to marry me, Virginia—to be my wife."

"To be your wife!" she gasped. "Me—you—*we*—marry—you and I? Live together, as—"

"Yes, dear, that's what I mean. I know you are a good, pure girl, and I am simply miserable without you. No human being could imagine the depth of my love. It has simply driven me crazy, along with the way you have acted lately. My father and mother may object, but it's got to be done, and it will all blow over. Now, Virginia, what will you say? I leave it all to you. You may name the place and time—I'm your slave from now on. Your wonderful grace and beauty have simply captured me. I'll do the best I can to hold up my end of the thing. My cousin, Chester Sively, is a good sort of a chap, and, to be frank, when he saw how miserable I was down there, he drew it out of me. I told him my folks would object and make it hot for me, but that I could not live without you, and he advised me to come straight home and propose to you. You see, he thought perhaps I had offended you in not making my intentions plainer at the start, and that when you knew how I felt you would not be so hard on me. Now, you are not going to be, are you, little girl? After all those delicious walks we used to have, and the things you have at least let me believe, I know you won't go back on me. Oh, we'll have a glorious time! Chester will advance me some money, I am sure, and we'll take a trip. We'll sail from Savannah to New York and stay away, by George, till the old folks come to their senses. I admit I was wrong in all that miserable business. I ought to have given you that money and not made you come for it, but being a mad fool like that once doesn't prove I can't turn over a new leaf. Now, you try me."

He advanced towards her, his hand

extended to clasp hers, but she suddenly drew back.

"I couldn't think of marrying you," she said, almost under her breath. "I couldn't under any possible circumstances."

"Oh, Virginia, you don't mean that!" he cried, crestfallen. "You are still mad about being—being frightened that night, and that old hag finding out about it. No woman would relish having another come up at just such an awkward moment and get her vile old head full of all sorts of unfair notions. But this, you see—you are old enough to see that marriage actually puts everything straight, even to the bare possibility of anything ever leaking out. That's why I think you will act sensibly."

To his surprise, Virginia, without looking at him, covered her face with her hands. He saw her pretty shoulders rise as if she had smothered a sob. Hoping that she was moved by the humility and earnestness of his appeal, he caught one of her hands gently and started to pull it from her face. But, to his surprise, she shrank back and stared straight and defiantly in his eyes.

"That's the way *you* look at it!" she cried, indignantly. "You think I hopelessly compromised myself by what I did, and that I'll have to tie myself to you for life in consequence; but I won't. I'd rather die. I couldn't live with you. I hate you! I detest you! I hate and detest you because you've made me detest myself. To think that I have to stand here listening to a proposal in—in the humiliating way you make it!"

"Look here, Virginia, you are going too far!" he cried, white with the dawning realization of defeat and quivering in every limb. "You are no fool, if you *are* only a girl, and you know that a man in—well, in my position, will not take a thing like this calmly. I've been desperate, and I hardly knew what I was about, but this—I can't stand this, Virginia."

"Well, I couldn't marry you," she answered. "If you were a king and I a poor beggar, I wouldn't agree to be your wife. I'd never marry a man I did not thoroughly respect, and I don't respect you a bit. In fact, knowing you has only shown me how fine and noble, by contrast, other men are. Since this thing happened, one man—" She suddenly paused. Her impulse had led her too far. He glared at her for an instant, and then suddenly grasped her hand and held it in such a tight, brutal clasp that she writhed in pain, but he held onto it, twisting it in his unconscious fury.

"I know who you mean," he said. "I see it all now. You have seen Luke King, and he has been saying sweet things to you. Ann Boyd is his friend, too, and she hates me. But look here, if you think I will stand having a man of that stamp defeat me, you don't know me. You don't know the lengths a Chester will go to to gain a point. I see it all. You've been different of late. You used to like him, and he has been talking to you since he got back. It will certainly be a dark day for him when he dares to step between me and my plans."

"You are going entirely too fast," Virginia said, grown suddenly cautious. "There's nothing, absolutely nothing, between Luke King and myself, and, moreover, there never will be."

"You may tell that to a bigger fool than I am," Chester fumed. "I know there is something between you two, and, frankly, trouble is brewing for him. He may write his long-winded sermons about loving mankind, and bask in the praise of the sentimental idiots who dote on him, but I'll draw him back to practical things. I'll bring him down to the good, old-fashioned way of settling matters between men."

"Well, it's cowardly of you to keep me here by brute force," Virginia said, finally wresting her hand from his clasp and beginning to walk onward. "I've said there is nothing between him and me, and I shall not repeat it. If you want to raise a fuss over it, you will only make yourself ridiculous."

"Well, I'll look after *that* part of it," he cried, beside himself with rage. "No mountain razor-back stripe of man like he is can lord it over me, simply because the scum of creation is backing up his shallow ideas with money. *I'll* open his eyes."

And Langdon Chester, too angry and disappointed to be ashamed of himself, stood still and allowed her to go on her way. A boy driving a drove of mules turned the bend of the road, and Chester stepped aside, but when they had passed he stood still and watched Virginia as she slowly pursued her way.

"Great God, how am I to stand it?" he groaned. "I want her! I want her! I'd work for her. I'd slave for her. I'd do anything under high heaven to be able to call her my own—all my own! My God, isn't she beautiful? That mouth, that proud poise of head, that neck and breast and form! Were there ever such eyes set in a human head before—such a maddening lip, such a—oh, I can't stand it! I wasn't made for defeat like this. Marry her? I'd marry her if it impoverished every member of my family. I'd marry her if the honeymoon ended in my death. At any rate, I would have lived awhile. Does Luke King intend to marry her? Of course he does—he has *seen* her; but *shall* he? No, there is one thing certain, and that is that I could never live and know that she was receiving another man's embraces. I'd kill him if it damned me eternally. And yet I've played my last and biggest card. She won't marry me. She would *once*, but she won't *now*. Yes, I'm facing a big, serious thing, but I'll face it. If he tries to get her, the world will simply be too small for both of us to live in together."

(To be Continued.)

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

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Chapter XIV.

During the whole time that Jackson was in the woods of Alabama, relentlessly crushing the Creeks, the War of 1812 was running its course, on land and sea.

There never was an administration less adapted to manage military operations than that of James Madison. He had no turn for that sort of thing himself, and nobody in his Cabinet was equal to the emergency. Without any real preparation whatever, the United States rushed into a conflict with a nation which had been on a war footing for twenty years.

British soldiers and sailors had been trained, by actual service, into an efficiency which made them the best fighting men that the world could produce. In the Peninsula, under Wellington, the English infantry and cavalry had become almost invincible. On the ocean, Nelson had won such magnificent triumphs that no European nation even thought of rivalling Britain's rule of the waves.

It was against *this* warlike nation, which had been in training for twenty years, that the ardent Henry Clay and the timid James Madison went to war—forgetting the difference between the *cause of war* in 1776 and that in 1812.

Battling for elemental human rights and against foreign control, with the North and the South united—hand to hand, heart to heart—the American people were in a totally different attitude in 1776 from that of 1812. To defend one's self, to resist the foreign invader, is one thing; to make war for a principle and to begin that war by invading some other country is quite another. More especially was such a war bound to be doubtful when New England hotly opposed it.

While the insolence and the outrages perpetrated upon us by Great Britain were almost unbearable, they were no worse at the time we began the War of 1812 than they had been during the two preceding administrations. Even under President Washington, we endured infractions of treaty and outrages to our commerce, without armed protest. When Washington signed the infamous Jay treaty, he must have done so with bitterness of soul, for its conditions were harsh and humiliating.

As such matters go, there was ample cause of war in 1812, but as we had waited that long we might at least have waited a little while longer, and spent the time in unifying the country, *and getting ready to fight.*

The nominal cause of war were the British Orders in Council which

had cut off our maritime commerce. Those Orders had been revoked before the Declaration of War was published, but our Government could not know it. The tidings came after Detroit had been surrendered by General Hull, and the United States disavowing the armistice which General Dearborn had concluded with the enemy, renewed the orders for the invasion of Canada.

It would seem that had General Dearborn sent by courier, instead of by mail, a letter to General Hull stating that the Orders in Council had been revoked and an armistice agreed on, his surrender would not have been made, that stinging blow to American pride not have been given, and the Administration might have ratified the armistice. Negotiations and an honorable peace would probably have followed. But General Dearborn—*almost incredible to relate!*—mailed his letter to General Hull, and it was eight days in going the three hundred miles which separated Albany from Niagara. When it reached the river, Hull had been a prisoner for two days.

So, the war went on—in a half-distracted, hap-hazard, feeble, intermittent sort of way, which was disgraceful. The troops were raw levies, mainly, and there was no drilling worth mention. The officers were mostly new men, without military talent, or revolutionary veterans who had outlived their usefulness. Among these there were feuds which caused them to hate each other more rancorously than they hated the British. Then there was hunger among the American soldiers, and intense suffering for the want of woolen clothing, shoes and blankets. The hardships encountered by the Kentucky and Indiana men in their winter march to the Maumee and to the river Raisin, were so terrible, that those of Jackson's troops in Alabama seem trifling. Think of soldiers wearing the loose, cotton hunting-shirts, many of the men barefooted, in the mid-winter of the Northwest, trudging through the icy slush, sleeping on the frozen ground, facing sleet and snow, hungry as wolves most of the time!

And during this period of privation and suffering for the American soldiers, the patriots of New York and Vermont were supplying the British with abundant food. Thus treason was turned into a profitable commerce and the enemy, fed by our own people, was enabled to maintain a force which otherwise could not have been held on the Canadian frontier.

The story of this War of 1812 cannot be told, in detail, here. Most of us are familiar with the leading events. Our memories pass in review the shameful surrender of Detroit by poor old General Hull, who was afterwards sentenced to be shot for his cowardice, and whose life was saved by Mr. Madison's clemency. There was the gallant but abortive attempt of Van Rensselaer to capture Queenstown. There were the boastful proclamations and ludicrous doings of General Alexander Smyth, who was finally hooted out of the service and who crept back to Virginia by the side roads. There was the complete failure of General Dearborn. There were the quarrels and the incapacity of Generals Wilkinson and Wade Hampton. There was the amazing repulse of the American army by a handful of men in a little stone mill on Lacolle Creek—one glorious result of which was that it put Wilkinson out of the army.

There were the splendid courage and ability of the younger generals, Scott and Brown, and that heroic struggle of Lundy's Lane. But there

was also the outrage of burning York (Toronto) which was later to have its revenge in the burning of Washington.

In the Northwest there was the fatal division of Winchester's army, the march on Frenchtown, the surprise of the Americans by an overwhelming force of the enemy; and there, too, was a surrender, to be followed by the massacre of the wounded prisoners by the maddened Indians. Then there was the action known as the Battle of the Thames, and which was, so far as I can make out, nothing more than one resistless onset made by the regiment of mounted Kentuckians. The cavalry charge was so well timed and so well led that the Indians were struck when in confusion, were scattered like chaff, and then the British broke and left the field. Practically no fighting was done by the infantry at all. In the Battle of the Thames, Tecumseh was killed. The whites disgraced themselves by slicing strips of flesh off the dead chief's limbs, to keep as trophies.

Nor must we forget how young George Groghan refused to evacuate Fort Stephenson when General Harrison ordered him out; and mingled with our great admiration for Groghan, who beat off the enemy, is a feeling of indignation against Harrison who, although close by, refused to go to the support of the heroic defender of the Fort.

* * * * * * * *

This is what Wellington used to say to his intimates, concerning the long-drawn battle of Waterloo: "If I had had the army which broke up at Bordeaux, I would have swept him off the face of the earth in two hours!" And the Duke would illustrate by sweeping his arm over the table.

As is well known, a portion of "the army which broke up at Bordeaux" came over to take part in the War of 1812, and we cannot but speculate on what would have happened had all those veterans been concentrated on the Canadian frontier, and sent down upon New York, while a few war vessels cooperated by sea. It is practically certain that nowhere in the East, North, or Northwest was there an American army which could have withstood the seasoned strength of these Peninsula troops.

As Fate would have it, these soldiers with whom the Duke of Wellington felt sure that he could have brushed Napoleon off the face of the earth in two hours, were sent Southward—and there was where the United States had the seasoned captains, the well-trained troops, the practised marksmen, who were best fitted to reverse that "sweeping" process.

After the last great victory of Andrew Jackson over the Creeks, at the Horse Shoe Bend, an incident occurred which does him immortal honor. *He refused to engage in a personal fight.*

This is the way it happened: Colonel William King, of King's Meadows, (now Bristol, Tenn.), was the son of the Colonel James King who in 1795 furnished the money with which General Jackson and Colonel Overton purchased the Chickasaw Bluffs, where the city of Memphis now stands. The victory of the Horse Shoe Bend was largely due to Colonel William King and his men. Indeed, it is claimed that he was the first man who crossed the breastwork. After the battle, Colonel King was made so angry by the slight mention given him in Jackson's report, that he sent

a friend to his superior officer with the message, "Lay off your stripes, and I will challenge you to a duel."

This reminds me of an incident related to me by an ex-Confederate soldier, (Sol. Andrews), when I was teaching school in Screven County, more than thirty years ago. General Pat Cleburne had in some way made one of his troopers furiously angry, and the soldier said to the General: "If it wasn't for them epaulettes of your'n, I'd give you a d—n good licking."

At the word, General Cleburne threw himself off his horse, flung his coat upon the ground and pointing to it, exclaimed: "*There* lies General Cleburne! Now walk into old Pat." Whereupon the irate soldier walked into old Pat and in about two minutes old Pat was one of the worst whipped men that ever lived. And as he picked up "General Cleburne" off the ground, it probably dawned upon old Pat that both the General and Old Pat had made fools of themselves.

Now, when General Andrew Jackson was asked by Colonel William King to lay aside those epaulettes, he declined to do it. Nobly, he said to Colonel King's messenger: "Go and tell Colonel King that our country cannot afford to lose such men as he and I. Therefore, I will not fight him. I will correct my report in which I inadvertently failed to give him and his men the credit they deserve."

This manly reply, of course, disarmed Colonel King, and his friendship for Jackson was made warmer and stronger than ever.

* * * * * * * *

Turning his army over to General Pinckney, Jackson returned to Tennessee—this time as the conquering hero. But his health gave way, and for several weeks he was prostrated at the Hermitage. May 22, 1814, brought him, from Washington, the appointment to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army; and six days later another messenger brought him the appointment to the rank of major-general, in the place of William Henry Harrison, resigned.

In obedience to orders, Jackson left home in the latter part of June and reached Fort Jackson, in Alabama, July 9th, 1814. Here he was instructed to conclude a definite treaty of peace with the Creek chiefs.

Summoned to this Council at their Hickory Ground, the red men came,—those who had fought with Jackson and those who had fought against him. The Big Warrior had been heroically faithful to the whites throughout the war. He had kept Jackson reinforced by several hundred warriors, his hunters had helped to feed the camp, his scouts had kept him informed of every movement of the Red Sticks. He now came to the Council where peace-terms were to be agreed on, and he must have anticipated a generous reward for himself and his people for their devotion to the cause of the whites. Weatherford, the leading chief of the hostiles, was likewise summoned and he also, came to the Council, but he sagely declined to waste words in the deliberations. He said, in substance: "The loser pays. I am here to learn what terms the whites impose. Then I will submit, because I can't help it."

A most sensible man—this Weatherford. He seems to have read Jackson's character like an open book. He realized that the only way to get what he wanted of Jackson was to humor him—as the Kitchen Cabinet and Peggy O'Neal afterwards did. Therefore, Weatherford sided with Jackson throughout the painful and prolonged negotiations,

and after the terms had been forced through, the astute Weatherford got what *he* wanted—an exception clause which allowed him to keep and live on his fine plantation on Little River, *inside* the territory which Jackson was taking away from the Creeks.

Great was the astonishment and indignation of the Big Warrior and the other friendly chiefs when they learned that they were not only not going to be rewarded for their services, but that they were going to be punished, along with the hostiles, just as though they had all been Red Sticks.

Hard, hard was this treaty; stern, pitilessly severe, were Jackson's methods in forcing the chiefs to sign. Virtually, he told them that they *must* sign, or he would destroy them. Then they signed. He compelled them to give up all Southern and Western Alabama, and cooped them in the territory between the Coosa and the Chattahoochee.

With a pathetic effort at propitiation and to avert future attacks from the terrible Jackson, the Indian chiefs, by separate treaty, sought to give him a large tract of fine land. Congress did not ratify the grant.

Not until Aug. 9, 1814, was this treaty of Fort Jackson signed, and the General free to carry out the further order that he should take command at Mobile.

Jackson had long had his heart set on having a brush with the Dons. That Spain was at peace with the United States did not matter at all, for the Spaniards were allowing the English to make Florida a base for military operations against us.

At Pensacola, a certain foolish Major Edward Nicholls was issuing absurd proclamations to the people of Louisiana and Kentucky, had seized the Spanish forts, had run up the British flag, and was trying to make soldiers out of a few Red Sticks who had drifted to the town after the battles of the Creek War.

Also at Pensacola was Captain Percy, of the British Navy, with two sloops of war, *Hermes* and *Carron*.

No sooner had Jackson come to Mobile than these two English officers began to plan to attack him. First they made the attempt to enlist the Lafitte brothers and their forces—the alleged pirates of Barataria. This effort failing, they brought their own forces to bear upon Fort Bowyer, at the entrance of Mobile Bay.

On Sept. 15th, 1814, the Fort was attacked both by land and water. The guns of four vessels (*Hermes, Carron, Sophie* and *Childers*), and the battery planted behind the sand hills bombarded the Fort, where Major William Lawrence, with eight guns and one hundred and sixty men were determined to make good the war-cry of the day, "Don't give up the fort."

The British vessels carried, in all, seventy-eight guns; in the land battery were two; but the marksmanship of the Americans was so much better than that of the enemy that the attack ended in complete failure. The *Hermes*, her cable cut, drifted, grounded, was set on fire by Percy, and blew up. The other vessels drew off, and early next morning the expedition returned to Pensacola.

Jackson, who was a great hand at proclamations himself, had issued two calls, one to the whites and one to the free negroes of Louisiana, urging them to enlist in defense of their liberties and their country.

By this time, Sept. 1814, the War Department was sending letters to the General, warning him that England meant to attack New Orleans. In October, Monroe again wrote that an army of 15,000 men had set sail from Ireland for New Orleans.

But Jackson was bent upon taking Pensacola.

On Nov. 2, 1814, the General set out at the head of 2,800 men to invade Spanish Florida. On the 6th of the same month he appeared before Pensacola, and demanded the surrender of the town and the forts. His demand being refused, he marched into Pensacola, without meeting any resistance to speak of, and the Spaniards ran up the white flag.

In the year 1874, I was asked to visit a veteran of the War of 1812 and to make out certain portions of his application for a pension. I remember that the old fellow was barricaded in his house, to keep off service in some bankruptcy proceedings, I think.

I was passed through the picket line, however, and proceeded to fill out the blanks in his application for pension. One of the questions required that he should relate an incident of the war. I remember quite well the veteran's reply to that particular question.

He said that he was standing close to Gen. Jackson at Pensacola, when the Spaniards ran up the white flag, and that Jackson acknowledged the signal *with his pocket handkerchief.*

The old fellow stood up, totteringly, and showed me the motion which Jackson made with hand and arm. Up, then straight down, went the old man's hand, in which he held his handkerchief,—and that's the way Old Hickory answered the Dons, according to this survivor of the campaign.

Major Nicholls hastily evacuated Fort Barrancas, and took refuge on the British ships.—having first spiked his guns and laid the train for the blowing up of the Fort.

Having done what he came to do—to drive out the English and the Indians, and make an impression on the minds of the Dons,—Jackson returned to Mobile.

* * * * * * * *

ANECDOTES.

(1). From excessive rains the roads in Alabama had been almost impassable. The army, which was on the march, suddenly came to a halt. Jackson, who was some distance from the front, started on a gallop to learn the cause. On nearing the head of the column, he saw a wagon mired in the mud, the team unable to move it, and a young man swearing at the driver and beating the mules. Jackson immediately called for a long, stout rope and ordered one end fastened to the front axle, then called for volunteers to take hold of the rope, while he took hold of a hind wheel, and gave the word to pull, *"all together."* Out went the wagon, while the swearing young man looked on in silence. Jackson approached him with the inquiry: "Why did you not do this?" Because, sir, I am an officer; I am an ensign." "An ensign, indeed! Well, I am General Jackson, commanding this army, and I did not think it beneath my dignity to put my shoulder to the wheel." The soldiers talked and laughed at the fellow until he resigned, and returned to the ranks.

(2). On one occasion, while the army was in camp, and Jackson in his tent, surrounded by his staff and many officers, having a merry time telling anecdotes, a captain appeared at the entrance of the tent. One of Jackson's staff, observing him, approached and inquired, "What do you wish?" "I would like to speak to the General," he answered. Jackson, seeing him about the same time, invited him in. "What is the trouble, Captain?" asked Jackson. "Why, General, I have a complaint to make." "What is it, Captain?" "My soldiers do not treat me with proper respect." "In what way, Captain?" "They call me names; they call me Captain Bigfoot." "Well, let me see your foot, Captain, set it on that box there." The Captain hesitated, but finally placed his foot on the box. Jackson looked at it, and remarked: "Well, by the Eternal; Captain, you *have* got a good-sized foot." And everybody roared,—except the Captain,—who was greatly embarrassed. But Jackson, to relieve the Captain, said to him: "Captain, if I were you I would pay no attention to it. They call me names too,—they call me Old Hickory, because they think I am tough, and my face rough like a shellbark hickory." "No, General, I can't stand it, and I want to tender my resignation." "All right, sir; I think you are better adapted to handle the plow than the sword."

My father said this was a Captain McCloud, of Sullivan County, Tenn.

(For these anecdotes I am indebted to Mr. Geo. A. Alexander, of Washington, D. C.)

Errata: Where Lookout Mountain was mentioned, in the preceding Chapter No. 13 of this biography of Jackson, Missionary Ridge should have been named. Just one of those slips of memory which will occur in the rapidity of composition.

LIVE IN HOPE.

By LEONORA SHEPPARD.

ID you catch a beau while you were gone, Jess?"

A most provoking smile and eye-twinkle accompanied the words, and deepened at the reply which his niece gave—a "No" which was meant to be supremely indifferent, but was a miserable failure.

Instead of relenting, however, Hugh Wynne, the handsome bachelor uncle, persisted, prolonging the torture until Mrs. Page, Jessie's widowed aunt came to his aid, which she invariably did.

"Don't mind you'll be here the day of the sale. Why, you're twenty-five and going on, aren't you?"

This roused Aunt Lily; as the scheming tormentor knew any reference to age would.

"When I was your age, Jessie," she began in her languishing voice.

But Jessie did not wait for the remainder, she knew it too well. With one sweep of her arm she gathered all her sketching materials in her apron, and ran from the porch and down the walk, banging the gate behind her as Uncle Hugh's aggravating laugh reached her, followed by the words: "Live in hope, if you die in despair."

These words, together with those of her aunt, completed from memory, "When I was your age, Jessie, I had been a wife five years and a widow two," rang in her ears every step of the way to her favorite haunt, a pretty vine-embowered nook by the big clear pond, about two hundred yards from the house. She did not slacken her speed until she had reached her little retreat, and then the raging flood burst bounds. Angry tears rolled swiftly down her cheeks and fierce whispered words helped to relieve the pressure.

"I can't go away for a little visit, but it's looked upon as a sally after a man. First thing when I come back somebody wants to know if I caught one. I'll save myself the trouble of answering next time. I shall pin on a big white card with the result printed in bold black letters. If unsuccessful: "No man yet;" the contrary: "I've caught that man at last."

A few more tears and vehement resolves and the storm abated. She settled herself and began to sketch a pretty bit of scenery on the opposite side of the pond.

"I'll make myself a great painter," she said to herself, "and maybe I won't be laughed at if I am an old maid. I don't think famous people are supposed to care very much about marrying—too absorbed in their work, at least it is only a secondary consideration."

With this unsupported and unproved idea she began diligently to work, and proved her talent to be far beyond the ordinary. As her satisfaction grew with the progress of the work, she followed a never-failing precedent—laid aside her work and proceeded with child-like abandon to enjoy her surroundings.

Only a few minutes of rapt nature worship had elapsed when she heard footsteps, and, looking up, she saw her companion and friend since childhood, Hart Brinson.

She was unfeignedly glad to see him, but Hart's nervous, constrained manner was so unlike his usual frank, cheery greeting that she was puzzled. He fumbled with her sketch, but forbore his accustomed blunt criticism.

"What's the matter with you, Hart?" she asked at last, as his nervousness increased.

He laughed, and squirmed more than ever, as he answered, "I've got something to tell you and don't know where to begin."

"Begin at the beginning," was the curt reply.

He did not notice the retort, but sat gazing off into space.

"I'm to be married two weeks from today," be blurted out finally. "Grace Hyman—I don't suppose it is unexpected news to you."

No, she was not surprised, and wished them both much joy.

"Say, Jess, did you find a lover while you were gone?" he queried with an air of immense relief at changing the subject from himself.

His satisfaction was short lived for the change in Jessie's face startled him.

"There it is again—hide from one only to be found by another! I think every one must be bound by a solemn covenant to ask me that question. No, I did not, and I won't next time, and never shall. I 'spise a man anyhow. Now go!"

And go Hart did with a queerly mixed expression on his face, in which amusement predominated. finally deepening into shouts of laughter as he directed his steps toward Grace Hyman's home.

As Hart disappeared from sight, the girl's erect head drooped. and the crimson cheeks and blazing eyes were buried in her hands, while the relieving tears again flowed.

Finally, the bowed head was raised, and the painting resumed. While glancing from her sketch to the dark red gables of the Brinson home, which she was trying to incorporate into the picture, her eye was caught by the figure of Paul Brinson, owner of the home and uncle of Hart.

As he crossed the dam, she laid aside her brush and welcomed him with a smile of genuine pleasure. No fear of wounded feelings from him. Never since their first meeting on this very spot twenty years ago, had he by word or act, hurt her proud, sensitive spirit.

After the brief greeting, there was silence for a time, he examining her work with a trained, critical eye, and she in reminiscent mood, watching some ducks as they floated on the pond.

"Do you remember our first meeting?" she asked finally, with a little laugh, and not waiting for an answer, continued: "I had run away from Aunt Lil, and was on this very bank, watching the ducks, when you and Hart came across the dam. I remember you told me Hart had lost father and mother, and that I must love him because he was lonely."

"Hart is going to be married soon," he told her. watching her face, keenly, as the words left his lips.

"Yes, he told me," was the brief, indifferent reply, and the searching eyes could detect no sign of emotion in the tell-tale face, save perhaps, a faint show of anger in the eyes, the suggestion of a pout on the curving lips.

"I shall be very lonely when he is gone." He spoke slowly, with his eyes still on the girl's face.

"He will not live with you?" she queried with surprise, as she faced him.

"No; he goes to the place his father left him."

She turned her attention again to the ducks. as though the subject held no particular interest for her.

"Jessie," the tense voice made her turn again. "Jessie, I have loved you ever since I found you here, twenty

years ago. It has undergone changes, but only deepened with the passing years. Can't you care enough for me to come and brighten my home? There's no other, is there?"

Unknowingly, he had touched a sore spot, and Jessie's temper was made savage by the hurt. "Of course he knows there's no one else, and he thinks because I'm on the borderland of spinsterhood I'll be glad to look at his ugly old face three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, to escape it. But I won't! Uncle would laugh, everybody else would smile and say—"

"I'm waiting Jessie," in a calm, yet insistent voice.

"I don't care for you in that way," and the tumult within made her voice curt, more curt than she realized, till a brief, shy glance at his face showed her the hurt look in his eyes.

But when he spoke again, after a few minutes' silence, his voice was perfectly natural, and kind as ever.

"Are you trying for the prize, Jessie?" touching the picture lightly.

A questioning look was her only reply, and he explained: "One has been offered by a patron of the fine art, to be given to the best picture by an amateur, exhibited during the fair in October. Suppose you try," and with a few helpful criticisms and suggestions, he left.

Art day found Jessie's picture on exhibition, with a score or more of others. Driven by a restlessness which she made no effort to analyze, she had finished the painting with a painstaking perseverance, totally unlike her usual habit of abandoning her work when enthusiasm died.

Surprised a little herself at its merit, and remembering Paul Brinson's words, she had it entered for the exhibit, but with a sort of hopeless indifference. Today, however, as she watched the ever-increasing number of spectators who paused to admire the beautiful conception and exquisite finish of her little picture, a faint hope stirred. It throbbed with almost painful strength when Paul Brinson, in passing, whispered with his peculiarly winning smile: "I believe you'll bear the trophy."

In trembling suspense she awaited the decision of the judges, which declared her winner; and after the ordeal of presentation, and the congratulation of friends, she slipped away behind a screen of potted plants to recover self-possession.

From the other side came voices—the conversation of two luckless girl contestants.

"Who won?" asked the first.

"That little doll-faced Jessie Cubbedge," sneered the other.

"Bah! She didn't do the work; Paul Brinson did that. *He* can paint—and he's in love with her—can't fool me."

The speakers moved from the shelter of the plants, and catching sight of Jessie, with crimson face and tear-filled eyes, stared rudely, and went on their way tittering.

Jessie looked after them with a pain at her heart which told her that none can attain a position which will lift them above the hurts common to all.

During the homeward drive, she was stubbornly unresponsive to her uncle's efforts at conversation, and kept her eyes fixed, gloomily, on the wheel-rut.

Indifferently, she raised her eyes when the buggy stopped and then stared in surprise—they were in the fine grove fronting the Brinson home.

"I wanted to see Paul Brinson about that horse he has been keeping for me," explained her uncle, as he jumped from the buggy, and threw her the lines. "He's over in the meadow now. I won't be gone long."

After a while Mrs. Bailey, the housekeeper, came from the barn with a huge pan of grain, which she car-

ried to the poultry run. Tired of waiting Jessie twisted the lines about the whipstaff, and leaving the gentle old horse, joined her. She was watching, with the pleasure of a genuine poultry lover, the fowls scramble for their evening meal, when the two men came from the pasture.

When within a few feet of where Jessie stood, a sharp crack was heard overhead, and before she could realize its source, Paul Brinson sprang forward, and giving her a headlong push, lost his balance and fell, face downward, just as a huge dead limb crashed down, striking him on the head.

For a brief space the three stood motionless, then Huge Wynne snatched the limb from the motionless figure, and after a hasty examination signalled the two women to help, and lifting the unconscious man, they bore him into the house and laid him on his bed.

"Do the best you can for him while I go for a doctor," was Huge Wynne's parting admonition to the old housekeeper, as he hurried from the room.

Paralyzed by the fear that he was going to die, Jessie stood motionless, gazing at the fine face with its deathly pallor, and realizing, in the searchlight of this great fear, that she loved him as he wished.

Mrs. Bailey thrust a bottle of camphor in her hand, with a command that she bathe his face. Jessie obeyed, dropping on her knees by the bed with a wild, unuttered prayer in her heart that he might be spared.

He groaned at last while Mrs. Bailey was bathing the wound on his head, and stirred feebly. Twice or three times he opened his eyes in a dazed way before he fixed them on Jessie with full recognition, and the tale her anxious face told was sufficient, for he smiled.

"I knew it would come" was all he said as he touched her hand for a moment, but they both understood.

The old doctor bustled in, leaned for a moment above his patient, and with a mighty throb of relief Jessie heard his verdict—"A glancing blow; be out in a few days."

THE GOLD OF CHARACTER.

The future's hope is in the middle class—
'Tis there we find the gold of character—
The love of kindness and the hate of wrong,
Faith in the good, the beautiful and true,
And purity of noble womanhood,
True sympathy and love of bravery,
A perfect hope and simple trust in God.

—William Holcomb Thomas, Montgomery, Ala.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MEN OF MARK IN GEORGIA.

This is the most ambitious work ever attempted by a Georgia publisher. Mr. A. B. Caldwell, of Atlanta, has undertaken a monumental task, and every public spirited citizen of the State should feel an interest in his success. His purpose is no less than that of presenting a portrait gallery containing all the men whose lives, devoted to the public service, contributed to the security and the glory of the State.

Biographical sketches, illustrated by engravings, present the fine array of the strong men who have been leaders in the forum and in the field, men who have been distinguished in science, in art, in literature, on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the development of material resources.

When the great plan shall have been carried through, we will have, in one publication, the very essence of all the best histories, biographies, memoirs, etc., that have ever been written on the subject. In these sketches we shall have, at one and the same time, a magnificent history of the State, beautifully illustrated, but we shall likewise have a Biographical Dictionary, in which can be found a clear, well-written summary of the career of every man who made his mark in Georgia, whether he was a native of the State or not.

No library should be without "Men of Mark in Georgia."

(See advertising pages.)

CAMPUS VERSE. Edited by W. C. Henson and A. H. Bunce. The McGregor Press, Athens, Ga. Price $1.00.

When our friend, Henson, wrote that he was sending a copy of a collection of Poems written by the students of the University of Georgia, we trembled. We feared that these boys had published rhymes which neither gods nor men can tolerate, and that it would be our painful duty to say so.

Judge, then, how deep was our sigh of relief when, after opening the book, and getting past three doubtful hymns which stand there in a very solemn manner, we soon struck "pay dirt."

College boys are all supposed to be poets, at some time or other. There is a stage in adolescence which relieves itself in rhyme, in spite of all that can be done. Have we not, each of us, gone through that sentimental period wherein, if we could say nothing better, we did cast our poetic eyes upward to the pale night-queen, and exclaim, "O Luna! Thou art the Moon?"

Of course we have. Even young George Washington "drapped into poetry;" and Thomas Jefferson wrote early verses that give one the earache. And did not young Byron start too soon, and get his hide taken off by the brilliant Harry Brougham, in the *Edinburgh Review?* And did not Byron then drink heavy measures of port, and proceed to take the hide off a lot of other fellows who hadn't done a thing to him, ("English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"), and thus come near having a duel with Tom Moore?

Thinking of these things, we confess that it was a genuine surprise, and a most pleasant one, when, after getting safely past those three preliminary hymns, in "Campus Verse," we came upon pure gold,—for boundless is the sympathy of the JEFFERSONIAN for ambitious boys and girls who are striving to develop intellectually.

"The Chapel Bell" is worth a place in any volume of poems. *"A Ballad,"* by E. B. Vail, shows decided dramatic talent; and *"Genius,"* by the same author, is exceedingly fine. In a humorous vein,

the same author writes *"In My Other Coat Pocket at Home,"* three stanzas which reveal a gift of originality which is unusual.

As exquisite a bit of versification as you will find anywhere is *"The Girl I Never Have Met."* A daring, yet successful effort, is that of C. D. Russell (in *"Quoth the Devil"*), to give expression to the satisfaction Satan may be supposed to feel at seeing the condition of the world in which he and the powers of righteousness are still having it, nip and tuck, as they have done since the creation of man.

"Space," by Harold W. Telford, and *"Heroism,"* by Arthur L. Hardy, are emphatically good. *"Ione"* is a gem.

"Had She?" by T. G. Stokes, is one of the cleverest little strokes ever made with a pen. It is delicious.

"To an Ante-Bellum Mansion," is perfect in its way, and its way is thoroughly poetic.

"A Youth's Prayer" might well be taken as a standard the world over. The name of the author is not given.

"Opportunity," by George M. Battey, is worthy of Lanier, of Timrod, of Hayne, of any poet whomsoever.

The JEFFERSONIAN endeavors to be conscientious in "sizing up" books which it reviews, but we do not hesitate to say to lovers of verse that this little volume has a lot of genuine poetry in it.

THE MEN OF THE GRAY.

We've drunk to woman—God bless her,—
  We've drunk to our Southern States,
Right merrily we've drained a bumper
  To appease the wrath of the Fates;
We've drunk till the keg's run dry—
  And the east blushes red with the day;—
Last toast, and your glasses held high,
  A health to the men of the Gray.

We'll wander yet in this strange world,
  As did those who sought the Grail;
And some will live, and some will die,
  Some will prosper, some will fail.
Yet as the years go swiftly by us
  We'll still bear hearts that are gay;
In victory and defeat alike we'll honor
  The mem'ry of the men of the Gray.

We've drunk like men of might,
  All through this Southern land;
We've drunk to our Northern brother—
  But he cannot understand.
Those who can, on your feet again—
  'Tis the flush of a new-born day—
Last toast, and drink it like men,
  A health to the men of the Gray.

—By Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

SOLUTION OF THE HELP QUESTION.

By Dr. S. J. COBB.

The help question seems to have become a problem in this country, particularly in the South, where we depend largely upon negroes for help.

I would suggest as a solution of this problem, that we raise our children, boys and girls, rich and poor, to be more industrious; raise them to take a pride in doing everything that may be necessary for comfort, instead of raising them to feel that they are above work, as many have been raised. There is an old saying, "Idleness is the devil's workshop." We should all keep out of the devil's workshop. When we think of it as we should, we see it is wicked to be idle. We are commanded to live by the sweat of our brow, and that means work. If we fail to do that, we not only violate that commandment, but deprive ourselves of health, happiness and comfort. We are always happier, healthier, and more comfortable when doing some legitimate work. No man or woman ever attained to any high position in life who did not work. Then why raise our children to feel that they are above work? It is absolutely wicked to raise children that way. Dr. Hall said in his *Journal of Health,* he lived for the good time coming when man would be ashamed to be seen sick. I may say with equal propriety, I live for the good time coming when people will be ashamed to be seen *idle.* Better make that sort of impression on our children's minds than to make them feel that they are above work. There is plenty of work for all to do, and all work that is necessary to be done for comfort, is *honorable.* No one should be too lazy or proud to do such work as will add to his or her comfort. As we do these things, we will not only need less hired help, but have better help, help that we can rely upon; not only that, but develop ourselves into that high order of manhood and womanhood that God intended us to be. All great men and great women have been great workers, and, as a rule, they commenced at the bottom round of the ladder and worked up. While all lazy people, who feel that they are above work, never get above the bottom round of the ladder that leads upward. It is natural to be lazy, but unnatural and wicked to cultivate a false pride that would keep us from ascending the ladder of life.

The problem having been solved, the question now is, will we do it. That depends entirely upon our education and training in early life. If we were educated and trained in early life to take a pride in doing everything necessary for comfort, and to look upon idleness as disreputable, in fact disgraceful, we would do it.

Norfolk, Va., Nov. 22, 1907.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Editor.

Dear Sir: After reading your articles in The Jeffersonian Magazine on "How I Came to Write About Napoleon," and on "Protection," I felt that I had found my long lost brother, strawberry mark and all. I have read "Mr. Isaacs" twice, not because it was *so* good, but because after the lapse of years it happened to fall in my hands, and I enjoyed your sarcasm at Mr. Crawford's expense immensely. Don't you think the audience who paid a dollar a head deserve, also, some ridicule? Like you, I fed on Abbott when a youngster, and later on re-read him. Since then I have read everything I could lay my hands on relating to Napoleon and his times, including your book, and have made an exhaustive and

critical study of Waterloo. Though I never wrote anything on Waterloo, I got up in my head a lecture on that battle and delivered it in Norfolk, Portsmouth, and elsewhere. I am still pining for more worlds to conquer in the line of Napoleonic history and literature. I especially want to read Henri Houssaye's great work in four volumes, the last being devoted to Waterloo, but know not where to get the original or a translation. The best book on the Waterloo campaign I have ever read is the work of John C. Ropes, of Boston. Your article on "Protection" also pleased me, for I have been all my life an enthusiastic free trader, and was the member for Virginia of the national committee of the "Free Trade League of America." I hope you will keep hammering away on this subject. You will help to enlighten the working men, who I am sorry to say are, as a rule, intensely prejudiced on this subject. I presume you have read Basteat's "Sophisms of the Protectionists,"—that great and interesting little book. I used to be a contributor to *The Million,* the organ of the Free Trade League. My principal article was called "An Indictment of the Theory and Principle of Protection," which I would like you to read, and republish if you like. I will send you a copy as soon as I can get one. • I also enjoyed a few years ago your magnificent defence of the Italian race in answer to Booker Washington's absurd statement. Like you, I am deeply interested in Gettysburg, and am making a study of it with a view to lecturing.

Sincerely yours,
R. Devereux Doyle.

BECAUSE THE BOOK ATTACKS SPECIAL PRIVILEGES.

Massachusetts, Feb. 26, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson.

Dear Sir: I should like to inquire just *why* it is that *librarians* slip and slide when it comes to a question of your "Napoleon."

My interest was aroused by a paragraph in Watson's Jeffersonian for February, and I tried to secure the volume at one of our home libraries, without success. Why?

The name of the library is of no consequence; it is a mild and inoffensive specimen of the genus Carnegie, and by no means worse than its contemporaries.

Is the book too "Watsonesque," in its easy disregard of alleged vested rights or wrongs? Does it rasp, too gratingly, the finer sensibilities of our ultra conservatives?

Not having the piece I must, forsooth, defer to some indefinite future time the solution of the puzzle.

A Reader, of Reversionary Rights.

FROM A GREAT THINKER AND WRITER.

Pastor's Study, Trinity M. E. Church, South.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 2, 1908.

My Dear Mr. Watson: Permit me to congratulate you on the January issue of your Jeffersonian Magazine. Every number is worth more than the price of a year's subscription, but the first number for the new year is particularly fine. Your editorial entitled "The Late" is a wonderful piece of writing, uniting as it does, in so inimitable a fashion, the elements, both of pathos and thought. Wishing for you the happiest and best New Year you have ever known, I am,

Sincerely yours,
James W. Lee.

To the Jeffersonian:

The press has been scattering abroad, for some time, statements to the effect that Attorney-General Bonaparte would take decided steps to bring to account the "big" criminals, and commit to jail such as were found guilty.

The Jeffersonian reproduces a statement, with various comments, from the New York *American,* of late date, to this effect. From the way, and in the manner in which this threatened action has been

given such extended circulation, one acquainted with Republican methods of enforcement of law might look up and thank his stars that he was not a "speculator in stocks" and under the ban of this modern Cromwell and his "brethren," so bent upon the incrimination of wrong doers. But that man who has lived to witness the last few years of skip-the-rope law enforcement in this country, only gives such news items the average "strap-hanger" headline reading, and passes on to the sporting page, where news is a little more definite and interesting.

Mr. Bonaparte has it within his power to bring to account a score or more offenders in high circles, and lodge them so far behind the bars that their stay would exceed the duration of an Australian Land Lease. That's a fact, boys.

But is he going to do it?

No!

Who has ever suspected that he would?

True, he may fire a few blanks and "impose" a few fines, but prison walls were not made for the rich, but for the offenders of the rich. The rich frame and perpetuate laws for self-protection—they employ armies, perfects, and officers to enforce them.

The only law the poor have are such as are given him gratis, in order to arrest his recourse to the bludgeon, by deluding him into the happy resignation that he is protected.

Mr. Bonaparte and the Administration can put John R. Walsh in the pen; he can put Harriman in with him for company, and he can make John D. R. dig up that $29,240,000, if he has to pawn his wig to raise the money. But will Walsh go to the pen, and Harriman go for company, or John D. pay the fine which the Federal law says is due?

No, in the name of humanity, NO! It would shock the civilized world! These men are too widely known, their influence is too strong, their bounteous hands are remunerative to thousands of toilers, their generosity too overflowing into the campaign hat. And many such things do they do.

John R. Walsh, the wrecker of three banks, high finance juggler, grabber, perjurer, robber of the poor who had intrusted their savings to his care. Two years have passed away since his crimes were apprehended, and he quit the business, but has he been punished for his crimes?

I saw the long line of bread earners, widows, and every stamp of humanity, lined up for more than a block in the bitter cold, nudging up, inch at a time, as they filed past the paying teller's window of the Walsh bank, in Chicago, withdrawing their accounts until the funds were exhausted, and were only replenished when the other banks came to the rescue.

There you are, Mr. Bonaparte; if you want to do something, sic yourself and the rest of the administration bloodhounds on his track, and bring him to justice. If Andrew Jackson had had half the chance for a combat as you have it would seem a very easy task to prosecute and bring to justice these criminals of the 400, who have continued to violate Federal and State laws with an arrogance that is admirably imposing.

If Mr. Bonaparte means business, let him sally forth and beard the redoubtable Harriman, who has only laughed at his threats, and turned bloody handed and declared that Senator Cullom was "drunk" when he declared that Harriman ought to be put behind the bars.

We, the people, are getting tired of this trust-busting crusade. It is too hard on the consumer; it is too expensive on the wage earner.

It is not long since Roosevelt set out to bust the coal trust. I wish he would hurry up and bust it, or else lower the price of coal—I don't care which.

He set out to bust the meat trust, and have you heard anything smash? Meat has taken a gradual flight in the ascendant, like a mad bull over the hill after a red rag.

The man who willingly violates law, and haughtily defies the administers thereof,

is just as much a criminal as the man who, in open defiance of law, holds you up and takes your purse.

The criminals of high finance have robbed the people, the State, and the nation of millions, while the small one-horse criminal with a tool bag, the mask and the slug, have taken a petty few thousands in little grabs here and there.

On the very day that the failure of the Walsh bank was announced, a man in a few blocks of the bank building, held up and robbed a man of a few dollars, and was with short ceremony sent to the pen for five years, while Walsh had jeopardized millions, lied to the government, and is a free man today, and, to my mind, will be until a man who does things slaps the hand of justice on the shoulder which has so long been cold to reporters, photographers, courts, etc.

Of course things will wag along about as they have, but I have no confidence in these reports that are going the rounds, nor will I till I see some of the cloven-feet villains begin to exercise themselves with a sense of fear when the chief ministers of the law threaten prosecution.

The law is plain, and the violations have been open and known to the public, but the influence behind the violators is, and has been, strong enough to brook the subsidized administration.

J. H. Camp.

Grundy, Va., Oct. 31, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I have read Mr. Barker's proposed platform for a new political party, and your editorial on the same in the November number of your Magazine. You have done the cause of reform a real service in your clear, unanswerable arguments against the protective system. You have spoken plainly,—just what the situation demands. The robber tariff cannot be fostered by a reform party.

The tariff is a moral question,—is it right to rob the masses to protect the classes? Let the tariff question be debated as a moral question, and its meaning will appear as clear as the noon-day sun. The American people will not stand for tariff "graft" (once they realize the iniquity of "high protection")—and more than that they will not stand for the various forms of robbery that do *not* have the sanction of law by act of the national Congress.

The centralization of power is touched on in the last paragraph of Mr. Barker's plan, or outline, whereas it is of such supreme importance as to demand the first position and a fuller exposition. It seems that the South must save the Union by insisting on State's Rights, for local self-government and self-preservation against the all-consuming corporations. Yes, the South must insist on a tariff that grants "special privileges to none" and demand the just rights of the States against Federal usurpation—and let her voice be heard without fear or apology—in words that shall burn their meaning into the very wick of our political body, and rouse the nation to action. Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine will herald the sentiments of a true Democracy, and may the people everywhere read its utterances to know the truth and be convinced that nothing less than radical measures can constitute the Jeffersonian Democracy.

Yours sincerely,
J. L. Kibler.

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